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AN APPEAL TO SMETHPORT TAXPAYERS

The Necessity of Starting Paving Operations is Urgent.

WOULD COST BOROUGH $8,000

Now is the Time to Inform Yourself on These Matters and Not be Misled by People With Axes to Grind.

Once more The MINER brings the paving question before the people of Smethport. This is a question that does not allow of procrastination. The citizens of this borough must be up and doing and the time to act is NOW.

The importance of this movement cannot be too thoroughly impressed upon the property owners of Smethport. The general sentiment of the public is justly in favor of starting paving operations, but strange as it may seem, there are a few residents of this town who are doing all in their power to block proceedings in this direction. These people either cannot or will not see the immense advantage of starting this movement at this time. Some of them cry from the house tops of the big expenses which Main street property owners will have to stand, and intimate that the ordinary citizen will be taxed at an exorbitant rate, and other bosh too foolish to mention.

Any taxpayer with a grain of intelligence knows that the percentage to which property can be taxed is limited by law. Even if the residents of this borough were taxed the limit, and there is not the slightest danger that they will be, the burden upon the ordinary taxpayer would not be a heavy one. Citizens are hereby warned to post themselves on these matters and not be caught by the "rantoad" and "hot air" which is being so thoroughly circulated by the opponents of the paving question.

Here are a few figures that may open the eyes of some deluded taxpayers: Smethport borough spends on an average of $8,800 a year. About $1,020 of that amount goes for police hire. Outside of a few minor bills for repairs, etc. to borough property the balance of that sum is expended upon the streets of Smethport EVERY YEAR. It is estimated that about $1,000 a year is spent upon Main street alone. Any person who has been a resident of this borough for the past ten years knows something about the big amount of money that has been expended upon East street from its intersection with Main to the Potato creek bridge, and yet that piece of road is never in very good condition. Of course this is the most expensive street in the borough to keep in repair, but it certainly serves as a horrible example of the way Smethport tax payers are throwing away their money.

Now for the cost of paving Main and East streets from the west borough line to the Potato creek bridge. This can be placed before the people by a man who has considerable knowledge of such matters and such a one is C. G. Maynard of Coudersport—the borough that paved its Main street without State aid and is now paving other streets thus taking advantage of the State appropriations. To give this gentleman's view of the matter the following from the Port Allegany Argus of Jan. 19, is quoted:

"To obtain State aid the borough to some extent must be guided by the acts of the township as the state can only give aid to boroughs to build road to connect two points, on township roads leading from the borough. This matter has been taken up by Liberty Grange and Supervisors Ostrander and Green had filed a petition for State aid in building two miles of road ½ mile on the River road running north, ½ mile from the Red House bridge south; on the Portage road ½ mile each north and south on the Brooklyn side road from the River bridge.

"This would entitle the borough to State aid to pave and macadam from the north line of the borough to the Red House bridge on Main street, and from Main street on Mill to the river. The estimates as given by Mr. Maynard were as follows: The proposition to pave Main street from Mill to Vine street about eight blocks 160 rods and 50 feet wide, estimated at 16,500 square yards $23,100 connecting with township by ½ mile macadam estimated at $2,700. The proposition to pave Mill street 120 rods 32 feet wide, or 7,040 square yards $9,856, making a total of $35,650, of this the State pays 74 per cent., or $26,742, leaving $8,914 to be paid by the borough. This may be cut into again if the county commissioners see fit to endorse the petition for State aid and the county pays ¼, or $4,457.

"This brings the matter up to the only breaker which we are able to discover in the plan. The figures given do not cover the cost of curbing which is estimated at $1 per foot (in fact contractors are ready to do the work at that price), there would be about 9900 feet of curbing on the two streets mentioned It is not proposed however to ask that this $9900 be paid by general taxation, but that it be paid per foot frontage by the individual reality holders, on the streets to be paved."

People familiar with both boroughs will readily see that the distance to be payed in Smethport is less than twice as great as that in Port Allegany. It is also understood that the township is willing to co-operate with the borough.

Now a fairly close estimate of the cost can be drawn from the Port Allegany figures. The State pays three-fourths, the county pays one-eighth, and the borough one-eighth—thus making Smethport's share about $8,000.

Now are you willing to sit in the mud and indirectly help other towns pave their streets and give you the laugh? Don't you see that this is a great opportunity to get out of the old rut? Do you realize that enough money has been spent in the past eight years scraping the dirt from one side to the other of Main street to pave that thoroughfare? Are you aware that paved streets will increase the value of your property?

These questions are blunt; perhaps the language of this article approaches the vulgar in spots, but it is a plain statement and not written with an eye upon rhetorical elegance.

Bad Wreck at Eldred.

The fast freight train consisting of the engine and 22 cars met with a disastrous wrecking on the main line of the Pennsylvania at about 4 o'clock Thursday morning. The train was south-bound and the engine and two cars had passed over the point of danger when a rail broke throwing the third car and 18 of its followers off the track and not overturning until they had traveled a distance of nearly 500 feet when 5 of them were overturned into the ditch and considerably damaged. After making a "flying switch" of the five which landed in the ditch, the others tore along the siding and headed back onto the main track stopping at the road which goes across the track from Main street to Dennis field. Two cars near the center of the train made a side plunge and were brought to a standstill with one end poking into the side of Prouty's handle factory where much siding and some of the frame work of the building was damaged. Behind these two cars was one loaded with iron car wheels and another filled with iron ore, the latter going but a short distance after leaving the track, its own weight sinking it into the ground and preventing the last car from leaving the track.

Passengers were transferred from the passenger trains via rigs from the local liveries, while husky railroad employes did a like service for Uncle Sam's mail. Wrecking crews from the north and south were promptly on the scene working on both ends of the wreckage and the main track was cleared about noon.

Fortunate, indeed, was Engineer Stump that no fatalities occurred and the Pennsylvania railroad may congratulate themselves also, for it might have been much worse. It is appalling to contemplate what the result might have been had the accident happened to the flyer.—Eldred Eagle.

P. H. C. Social and Dance.

The Smethport Circle No. 26, P. H. C., at the close of their regular meeting Tuesday night adjourned to the hose house where an enjoyable social and dance was indulged in.

Aside from the regular routine business in the lodge room, Supreme President A. C. McLean of Sharon, who was present, delivered an address which was highly appreciated by the members of the Circle. Supreme Sentinel A. J. Martin of Jamestown was also present.

Fully one hundred members and a few guests were in attendance at the festivities in the hose house. The Lyceum orchestra was in attendance and rendered excellent music for the dancers. This popular musical organization certainly pleases its patrons and Tuesday night was the recipient of many compliments from the dancers and spectators.

Aside from dancing many of the merry makers played cards and at midnight an elegant supper was served to which the participants did ample justice.

The Supreme President, Mr. McLean, was highly pleased with the work of the Circle in the lodge room and also with their abilities as entertainers. He praised the general work of the order and commented upon its flourishing condition.

The festivities continued until a late hour and everyone who was in attendance had a good time.

For Sale.

Billiard parlor of five tables in good live town, doing first class business. Good reason for selling. This is an excellent opportunity for the right man with a little money. For particulars inquire or address this office.

LOST—Monday evening a blue envelope containing clerical orders and two postal notes. A liberal reward will be given if returned to Hotel Imperial.

"Princess Bonnie" Was Clever.

The patrons of the Smethport Lyceum were treated to a happy surprise Monday evening in the presentation of "Princess Bonnie" by St. Marys home talent. Instead of seeing an ordinary home talent exhibition they saw this pretty little opera presented almost as well as by professionals, and we do not think there was one of the large audience who left the house feeling that the evening was not well spent.

The principal male characters were William Caffey as Shrimps, W. M. Block as Capt. Turpaulin, C. Walter Deaper as Roy Sterling, L. G. Bonstein as Admiral Pomposo, G. S. Randall as Count Talsette and R. D. Coyle as Salvador. All took their parts well, Shrimps and Salvador making the more pronounced hits.

Miss Rose Oberkirch took the part of Princess Bonnie and made herself very popular by her pleasing stage manner and sweet voice. Miss Katheryne McBride cleverly portrayed the character of Aurie Crab and her singing was well received, and the character of Donna Pomposo was well taken by Mrs. Randall. Miss Georgia Meisinger as Kitty Clover undoubtedly made the hit of the company and carried away the lion's share of the honors. She is strictly an amateur but her stage presence and acting is fully up to the standard of the average professional, and the rendition of "Whisper Words of Love" by Miss Kitty and Torchbearers in the second act was most enthusiastically received, the audience giving her three curtain calls, during which she received a handsome bouquet of roses. The Bridesmaids Chorus and Dance also made a decided hit. The choruses generally were exceptionally good, and the band and orchestra acquitted themselves creditably.

After the performance the company adjourned to the hose house where, with a number of Smethport friends they danced until 2:30 when their special left for home. Smethport theatre-goers have only words of praise for St. Marys talent and should they choose to bring another production here they will undoubtedly be greeted with a crowded house.

St. Elizabeth's Bazaar.

Next Wednesday evening St. Elizabeth's bazaar will open at the Lyceum with a chicken supper and dance and will continue each evening during the remainder of the week. The committees in charge have labored zealously for the past several weeks to arrange for entertainment that will suit all classes, and now assure the people that plenty of fun and amusement will be on hand to make the bazaar a complete success. On Thursday evening there will be a card party and no pains have been spared to make it complete in every detail—prizes, lunch, etc. An excellent program will be given on Friday evening for which some of our very best local talent has been secured, together with some outside talent, including Miss Edith Devine and Mr. Will O'Day of Bradford, who need no introduction to Smethport people. The admission to this entertainment is 25 cents to any seat in the house. At the conclusion of the program a clam chowder supper will be served on the stage at a nominal price. All will end on Saturday night with another supper and dance. On this evening the result of the ring contest will be made known. Besides these amusements mentioned there will be numerous other attractions, including candy and fancy article booths, post-office, fish pond, etc. The object of this bazaar is to raise funds toward building a new church edifice which is purposed to be built in the spring. It is a most worthy cause and one that should appeal to our residents in such a way as to bring a liberal patronage each evening.

Will Lose Old Residents.

Seth J. Gifford and family are packing their household goods in preparation for departure to their new home in Carthage, N. Y., next Monday. The family has many life-long friends in the town who greatly regret their departure. Mr. Gifford has been a prominent citizen of Smethport for many years, and has been an important factor in the development of the town. About twenty-five years ago he erected a saw mill in this place and embarked in the lumber business which he has since followed. As timber became scarce in this vicinity Mr. Gifford transferred his scene of operations to the Adirondack mountains in New York State and established a flourishing business in Carthage. Mr. Gifford's success in life has been gained at the price of untiring industry and his live and let live policy has helped many an individual to better circumstances and has gained for him the warm esteem of his fellow men. While the people of Smethport greatly regret the departure of Mr. Gifford and family they are unanimous in best wishes for continued prosperity.

Holmes & Gilfillan carry a complete stock of Edison phonographs and gold moulded records.

Now is the time to get a blanket for your horse. Lemmler has a large assortment.

RAILROAD TRUST INVESTIGATION SANCTIONED

By Congress and Similar Resolutions are Passed by State Legislature.

IMMEDIATE INQUIRY DEMANDED.

The Resolution is of Wider Scope than Previous Ones Offered and Mentions Inquiry into Control of Coal Traffic.

Congress seems to have awakened to the fact that some stern railroad legislation is necessary and during the week has passed resolutions tending to the investigation of railroad rates and their bearing on other lines of business.

A joint resolution requesting the President to direct the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the alleged combination of railroads to control the bituminous coal traffic and the alleged ownership of coal mines by the railroads was passed Monday by the unanimous vote of the Senate.

The joint resolution came from the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, which has unanimously directed Mr. Tillman of South Carolina, to report it.

The resolution has been sent to the House of Representatives, where it will be referred to the Interstate Commerce Committee and in all probability will be reported in place of the Gillespie House resolution and be passed by the House without opposition.

The President will sign the joint resolution, which will then have the full force of law, and the Interstate Commerce Comission will be directed to make the investigation without delay and report conditions for the action of the President and Congress.

Provision is made in the second paragraph of the resolution for discovering whether the officers of the carriers are interested "in other traffic" as well as that in coal. The same extension is made in the third paragraph for inquiry if there is any conspiracy in the transportation of "other products."

An inquiry is also to be made as "to what extent the carriers control the output of the mines and the price of coal." The Interstate Commerce Commission is required to furnish the information "from time to time."

Senator Tillman reported the resolution and made it the text of one of his characteristic speeches—as the following "Tillmanisms" show:

You will never stop this devilment until you put some millionaire in prison with stripes on him.

A senatorial committee of investigation knows better how not to do it than any one on top of God's green earth.

Harrisburg used to be a cesspool of rottenness, but is has been getting pretty decent of late.

The poor besotted Pennsylvania Legislature, which for twenty-five years was owned body and soul by the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads, is now awakening.

The bill was brought to Hepburn on a silver salver with the command "Here, Pete, you pass this."

That trusted friend and attorney of the money power, Elihu Root.

The Pennsylvania House of Representatives also did some railroad resolving on Monday and the Senate concurred with no opposition worth speaking of. The Philadelphia Press says in part:

The House was in an ugly mood; it wanted to land another sockdolager on the solar-plexus of the Pennsylvania and Reading railroads, and the votes of the little body of constitutionalists were drowned in a perfect howl of approval of the resolutions.

The call for "resolutions" had scarcely left the Speaker's lips when Mr. Scofield of Clearfield, offered a concurrent resolution that the Attorney General be instructed to inquire into the allegations that the Pennsylvania R. R., the New York Central, the Buffalo Rochester & Pittsburg R. R. companies and their leased lines are directly or indirectly engaged in the mining of bituminous coal, which is alleged to be unconstitutional and if it be found that they are engaged in this business he shall proceed against them.

Mr. Cooper and Mr. Fow declared the proceeding unconstitutional, but the House paid but little attention to their remarks.

Trouble Brewing.

There is trouble brewing among the glassworkers. It seems the blowers and gatherers at the Pennsylvania insist on the cutters, who worked in the American Window Glass Co.'s factory last summer, being re-obligated in the Amalgamated Association of Window Glass Workers.

So far the cutters have refused to comply with request, and the blowers have handed in their seven days' notice. While the situation is not satisfactory there is a feeling that matters will be amicably adjusted and the men continue to work.—Kane Republican.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old. Taken from the Files.

Davis-Smith.—At the M. E. parsonage, Smethport, Friday evening, August 26, 1881, by Rev. W. B. Wagoner, Mr. G. R. Davis to Miss Maria Smith, both of Norwich, this county.

The new bell for the M. E. church arrived Wednesday (Aug. 31, 1881) and is on the ground ready to be placed in the belfry as soon as the carpenters are ready for it. It weighs 1,226 pounds separate from the iron frame upon which it is to be hung, and has a very fine musical tone. On one side the words, "And let him that heareth say, Come," are neatly cast, while on the other side it reads: "Presented to the Methodist Episcopal church by Mrs. Armenia Corwin, the oldest living member of this church, 74 years old; 50 years a member. Waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Rev. W. B. Wagoner, pastor; W. J. Colegrove, I. S. Gleason, H. L. Burlingame, Frank Kerns, Eugene Quackenbush, Trustees."

The bell was manufactured by the Clinton M. Meeley Bell Company of Troy, N. Y., and cost $343 delivered at Smethport.

On Monday next (September 12, 1881) at 2 o'clock p. m., the new court house will be opened for public use. It is not expected that elaborate exercises will occur on that occasion, yet appropriate remarks will be made by the several attorneys of Smethport and from other points. As court must necessarily be held in the new building next week, no time is given for the perfection of arrangements for a formal opening.

Froth is the name of a sheet which made its appearance in town Saturday, September 10, 1881. It originated in Bradford and could not have found a more befitting name.

A new arrival at the Exchange Hotel on Saturday, September 10, 1881, made "Wade" Chambers smile. It was a 9½ pound boy.

Girl—7½ pounds—if you don't believe it ask W. D. Gallup. (Sept. 1881.)

President Garfield died, aged 49 years, on the 19th day of the 9th month. Many people will regard this as a wonderful confirmation of a superstition about the number, which he is said himself to have felt.

Mrs. E. T. Whitt, wife of David S. White of Norwich township, died at her home at 3 o'clock this morning (Sept. 29, 1881). Mrs. White was upwards of 71 years old and an excellent lady. Her funeral will take place at Norwich tomorrow at one o'clock p. m.

Saturday night the residents of Larabee were startled from their sleep by the cry of fire, and upon going into the street they were convinced from the bright light that it was not a very small fire.

It was Newman's mill situated near the M'K. & B. R. R. bridge and also near the old wooden structure that crosses the Allegany river on entering Larabee from this town. The fire originated from a spark from the night watchman's lantern, and as the timber and stuff lying around the mill was dry and saturated with oil, it made rapid headway. Quite a number of people gathered around the burning mill, but could render no assistance as there were no means to work with, and in a very few minutes the mill together with six cars standing on the track in the yard, and one span of the McKean & Buffalo railroad bridge were consumed. There was about 150,000 feet of lumber piled and ready for shipment, which was also burned. Mr. Newman's loss above insurance is very heavy. The mill will be rebuilt at once. Sept. 24, 1881.

The Bradford Sunday Star made its first appearance on October 2, 1881. It was well received and a paying investment for the news boys. The paper was neatly printed, its make-up tasty, and everything about it looked bright and healthy.

A barn belonging to Alfred Gallup, who resides about two miles from Smethport on Potato creek, burned Wednesday, Oct. 5, 1881. It was filled with hay and grain, all of which was entirely consumed. There was no insurance upon the barn or its contents, and the loss to Mr. Gallup must be quite heavy.

As announced by posted notices, the old office used by the Commissioners and Prothonotary while the new Court House was in course of construction, was disposed of at public sale on Tuesday, Sept. 20, 1881. It was bid off for $18 and will be converted into a hose house. Thus the prospective fire company get a building for a very small sum, and who is not glad of it? The vault on the upper end of the building brought $17.50, John Diegel being the purchaser.

Mrs. Elizabeth A. Fuller, wife of Associate Judge P. M. Fuller, died at the family residence, Tibetto avenue, Oswayo early hour Wednesday morning, Oct. 5, 1881. Mrs. Fuller had been confined for a long period of time by a combination of diseases. She has long been a resident of the Tuna valley and was generally known and highly esteemed among the older residents. Her age at the time of her death was forty-three years, nine months and eight days. Funeral services will be held in the Universalist church, Friday, at 2 p. m., Rev. Mr. Branning officiating. The remains will be interred in the DeGolier cemetery.—Era.

Japs Our Enemies in China.

Wong Fong, former secretary of the Six Companies of San Francisco, is an Americanized Chinaman who is capable of giving correct information. In a recent statement he said:

"The blow is about to fall. Cable warnings to friends to leave China at once. Tell them to seek protection of Germany temporarily and to get out of the country before February 24th.

"I received word yesterday that the order has been sent out to the subordinate circles of the Chinese Reform association to throw off all the foreign elements in our country, starting Feb. 24. The association is ostensibly patriotic."

A member of the United States Senate, who is well informed on Oriental matters, startled his colleagues the other day by this statement:

"The Japanese are the powerful and implacable enemies of America in China. It is a struggle for commercial supremacy with stealth, cunning and unscrupulousness pitted against us. The Jap is brave and strong and progressive, but he is absolutely conscienceless. It suits his purpose to inspire anti-foreign demonstrations. If lives of Americans are sacrificed, it is nothing to him. It is part of his plan. He is urging the Chinese to the commission of these dastardly outrages. It is only the beginning of things. Great horrors confront us.

"Secretary Root and Secretary Taft must have money," he asserted, "to prepare for the campaign that is sure to come. Great Britain and the United States will reap a dire reward for their friendship for Japan. We must be prepared for all emergencies. We must be prepared to protect American citizens in China. We must expect to do it by force. We must have money to put the machinery in motion. We must have money to transport our troops to points of tactical advantage. The people demand it. The people are not afraid to demand the enforcement of the rights of Americans in any and every part of the world. It is only the Senate that is timid. Let the Senate represent the American people and carry out their will. We must have troops in readiness for we may need them now at any time."

That is certainly plain talk and there are many reasons for believing that it is true, notwithstanding the fact that Americans during the recent war rendered moral aid and comfort to the "yellow peril," and encouraged it in every way possible.

Smathers Has the Cup.

E. E. Smathers, the trotting horse owner against whom a suit has been brought in the New York Supreme Court by Secretary Murray Howe of the Memphis, Tenn., racing association for the return of the gold championship cup awarded him by that association when Major Delmar defeated Lou Dillon in October, 1904, has recovered possession of the cup by depositing a bond for $1,000 with Sheriff Hayes.

The cup had been taken from Mr. Smathers' room in his apartments on a writ of replevin secured by Secretary Howe. Mr. Smathers will retain possession of the trophy pending the settlement of the suit against him for its return to the Memphis Racing association.

The suit is the outgrowth of a claim made by the Memphis Racing association that Lou Dillon was dragged at the time of the famous race and that Mr. Smathers was aware of that fact when he drove Major Delmar to victory. Smathers has always had the reputation of being a square sportsman and his many friends look upon this charge as absurd.

Added Train Service.

A new up-to-date motor car has been ordered by Superintendent McClure for the C. & P. A. railroad to be ready for service about April 1st. With this added equipment an additional train will be run between Coudersport and Port Allegany to meet the Buffalo trains coming north at 3 o'clock morning and evening. This run will be highly appreciated by the traveling public as it has long been felt want. The gasoline motor cars are now being used on many of the roads very successfully, the cost of operating being low that of steam power. This reduction in expense permits the extra train without increasing the cost of operation.

Don't buy a gas range until you have seen the Jewel line at Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Have you ever used a Universal Bissell Sweeper? If not you had better call on the Holmes & Gilfillan Hardware Co. and be convinced.

Wm. Jones has a few head of fat cattle for sale.

In the Season of Growth

By PETER M'ARTHUR

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THEY had been introduced only a few minutes before and were wandering through the garden trying to make conversation. The beautiful weather had received full and careful attention, the condition of the lilac and rose bushes had been discussed, and then came silence. Both were beginning to feel awkward when Jack's eye lighted on a bulb lying partly hidden by a border. True to the instincts of a football player, he gave it a deft kick that sent it spinning along the gravel walk.

"The gardener must have dropped it when he was planting the crocuses," said Betty, glad to hear her own voice again.

"Perhaps he just laid it aside there because he didn't want a hyacinth among them," Jack replied, picking up the bulb and, then, being a true Omarian, he could not resist quoting:

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropped in her lap from some once lovely head."

"Well," said Betty, with a mischievous smile, "Donald's head may have been lovely once, but it must have been before he took to gardening. At present he is very bald, and the little fringe of hair he has left is decidedly red. His are hardly the "hyacinthine locks" Milton had in mind, and I doubt if Emerson would have recognized him as

"The hyacinthine boy for whom
Morn well might break and April bloom."

"You are fond of poetry, I see," said Jack when they had stopped laughing at her silly.

"Very," said Betty, "but you started us on the wrong track if we are to do justice to that neglected little bulb. You should have recited Holmes' lines:

"The spendthrift crocus, bursting through the mold,
Naked and shivering, with his cup of gold."

"But I don't see how that applies to this hyacinth."

"Pardon me—to that crocus."

"But I took a high stand in botany when I graduated. It was one of the optional studies on my course, and I plugged four volumes in two weeks."

"Flowers by the river's brim
Dicotyledons were to him,
And they were nothing more."

she quoted smilingly from a clever parody.

"That may be," he replied, "but though my knowledge of botany is entirely bookish I'll leave it to the practical and red haired Donald to prove that I am right. I'll wager a pair of gloves to a tie that this is a hyacinth. What do you say?"

"Simply that I wear five and a-halfs."

"Well, where can we find Donald?"

"This being his day off I can hardly say. But I'll tell you what will be better fun. Let us plant the bulb and see which it turns out to be?"

"That is a bargain. But will it be sure to get the attention necessary to make it grow?"

"I'll plant it and care for it myself."

"But I claim the right of superintending the work and examining the plant from time to time to make sure that my interest is being guarded."

"All right. If you will go up to the veranda and get the trowel that is lying by the step I will find an empty spot in one of the beds in which to plant my crocus."

SHE PULLED UP HER SLEEVES TO HER ELBOWS.

When Jack had performed his errand he found Betty kneeling on the border of one of the beds waiting for him. He gallantly offered to do the planting, but she scorned his assistance.

"Do you think," she cried, "that I would trust the planting of an innocent little bulb to a man whose knowledge of botany is at once academic and wrong? Never!"

She had taken off her cuffs and pulled up her sleeves to her elbows, and as Jack watched he had a chance to see how lithe and shapely were her wrists and hands. He could also see how naturally the sunlight glinted through her brown hair, and when she looked up at him with laughing eyes, after patting the soil into place over the bulb, he could see that they were of an unfathomable blue.

"You have done the planting," he exclaimed. "Now I should be permitted to do the watering."

"But a plant like this should be watered every evening," she protested.

"Or oftener," he pursued blandly.

"Oh, I couldn't think of letting a foolish little bit like this interfere with your business."

"You couldn't? Why, I propose to make the watering of this plant my chiefest business, and I shall not let anything else interfere with it."

"But you are a lawyer, I understand. What will you clients say?"

"To be a lawyer you must first catch your client," he commented whimsically and then added with well affected earnestness: "By the way, you haven't any troubles that I could straighten out for you, have you? I mean troubles of a legal nature."

"I have no troubles of any kind," she replied laughingly.

"Lucky girl, though it is unlucky for me. I don't know but I shall feel it my duty to make trouble of some kind for you."

"If you try you will perhaps find that I can make trouble too."

"I don't doubt it," he said, bowing ly and heaved a deep sigh. "When it comes to really making trouble commend me to good looks, or rightfort or deception, especially in the springtime."

"Oh, you needn't be alarmed," she pouted.

"And I was just beginning to hope that I might be. Well, well, if you do have trouble of any kind that develops a legal aspect that does not require too profound a knowledge of the law, but at the same time demands lengthy consultations, I hope you will not forget me. My office hours are from 10 to 5, except when I am yachting, golfing or playing tennis."

"Do you do much yachting?"

"I usually spend Friday and Saturday of each week on board and take a couple of long cruises each season."

"Do you golf much?" she persisted, with growing mischief in her eyes.

"I make it a rule to play eighteen holes each Monday and Wednesday. It really takes a great deal of practice to keep oneself in form at golf," he explained unblushingly.

"And tennis?"

"Well, I am able to devote only my Tuesdays and Thursdays to that fascinating game. We really have rippling courts, and I hope you will become a member of our little club."

She laughed joyously, without answering his suggestion.

"With the amount of time you devote to golf, tennis and yachting I am afraid you would not have much time to devote to any troubles I might bring to you."

"I sincerely hope you may never have any more troubles than I can attend to, even in the small amount of time that I devote to law." This was said so meaningly that she blushed faintly. But just at that point his mother concluded her call on Betty's mother, and he had to go along as her escort.

There never was a flower more carefully tended than that little waif. As Betty Curtis had come to the town with her mother to spend the summer in the fine residence her father had bought for them she had nothing to do but enjoy herself. Jack Etheridge was almost equally blessed with leisure, for, though, in compliance with the wishes of his widowed mother, he had commenced the practice of law so that he would know better how to care for his wealth when she left him her fortune, in addition to the handsome income he derived from the estate of his father, he did not elect to live a strenuous life. After careful investigation he decided to hang out his shingle in this pleasant little town that had excellent golf links at the rear and a luxurious yacht club on the water front. He opened offices with a southern exposure in the post-office building and fitted them up with furniture admirably suited for lounging on and waited comfortably for his first client. In order to pass the time as pleasantly as possible he supplemented his library of law books with all the latest novels and current magazines. His mother was satisfied, and it cannot be said that he felt life to be unduly exacting. He conscientiously kept regular office hours, as explained above, so it naturally happened that he frequently walked home from the links with Betty after a pleasant game, and the first thing they always did was to take a look at the little mound that covered their bulb. Donald had been warned to leave it alone, and they saw to it that no weed sprouted in its vicinity.

"I am inclined to think," said Betty a couple of weeks after the planting, "that a watched bulb is somewhat like a watched pot."

"Perhaps the hyacinthine Donald threw it away because he saw that it was dead."

"Oh, I noticed that it was quite fresh when I planted it, but I think it is mean of you to use the word hyacinthine when you know well enough that there is no common adjective derived from crocus. I shall have revenge, however, when it sprouts."

One fine evening about the middle of May when they went to their favorite spot in the garden they found that their bulb had pushed through the ground. But it had not come far enough for them to decide which was right.

Next evening Jack came again, for matters were getting exciting. By this time the tender green leaves had begun to open, and it was clear that the plant was not a crocus. The leaves were thick and broad.

"I knew I was right," Jack exclaimed exultingly. "It is certainly not a crocus; therefore it must be a hyacinth. I prefer ties that are quiet in color and pattern."

"Not so fast," said Betty. "The idea of a lawyer using such logic. I admit it is not a crocus, but I see no reason to believe that it is a hyacinth. It is not necessarily a hyacinth because it is not a crocus. There are thousands of other things that it may be. You a lawyer and to make such a claim. Fie!"

"Oh, that is all right! A lawyer always claims everything in sight. I suppose we will have to ask Donald to settle the matter for us."

"We shall do nothing of the kind. Let us wait until it flowers, and then I'll undertake to eat it in addition to paying my wager if you prove to be right, though I may be tempted to transplant something more edible in its place if it should really turn out to be a hyacinth."

"A leek, for instance. It grows from a bulb and is edible."

Shakespeare has said that "for lovers lacking matter the cleanliest shift is to kiss," but Betty and Jack had not confessed to themselves that they were lovers, and whenever they lacked matter they could fall back on the bulb. It furnished them with unfailing matter for chit and banter when other

"SOMETHING ELSE YOU PLANTED HAS ALSO BLOSSOMED."

conversation failed, and in a subtle way all their thoughts of one another were intertwined with it.

When Jack went away on the annual yachting cruise of the club Betty found a peculiar pleasure in tending to the mysterious little plant that was strangely familiar, although she could not remember ever having seen one in a garden. While watering it and removing every weed that dared to appear it brought back to her many pleasant memories, and she had a sense of companionship while watching it. And when it finally put forth the blossom that betrayed its kinship she blushed and laughed and blushed again when she wondered what Jack would say when he saw it.

Yachting is a most leisurely pastime and gives one ample opportunities for thought. Before the cruise was over Jack had made for himself an unaccountable reputation for silence and unsociability. Those who observed him noted that he frequently smiled to himself and shook their heads ominously. Toward the end of the cruise it was seen that his face had taken on the seriousness of a great resolution, and it was evident that his mind had been made up finally on some matter of the gravest importance.

When Betty saw him coming up the garden path after his return she was smitten with sudden confusion, but she managed to greet him with proper dignity. After the usual exchange of compliments and a few inquiries on her part regarding the cruise the conversation became monosyllabic. As usual on such occasions she reverted to the bulb to start it again.

"I have taken good care of our bulb since you left. It has blossomed at last."

"I have also watched the growth of something you planted, and it has also blossomed," he said like one who had carefully rehearsed a part.

"That I planted?" I don't understand." And she looked at him with wide eyed wonder. She observed, however, that he looked very athletic and that a tanned complexion became him.

"Yes, yes. I have watched what you planted, and it has blossomed into love. I have come to ask if you will care for that flower in my heart forever."

Being of a poetic temperament, how could she refuse a proposal so poetic? When the matter was settled, with pretty formalities too sacred for the eyes of outsiders, she looked up at him and exclaimed:

"Wouldn't you like to see the other plant? It turns out to have been very significant."

"It doesn't bear orange blossoms, does it?"

"Not exactly, but it bears something almost as appropriate."

"Well, it will be the favorite plant in our garden some day. In fact, I think I'll have a whole garden full of it."

"I have found how it got here," she explained as they passed through the garden. "One of Donald's children brought it home from the woods and put it among the bulbs. He recognized it and threw it away."

When Jack saw the plant he laughed loudly, and their laughter mingled into music. On the little mound where Betty had planted the bulb there bloomed as fine a Jack-in-the-pulpit as any one would wish to see.

"It looks just as if it were ready to perform the marriage service and give us its blessing," said Jack as he kneeled to remove a little weed that showed its head near by.

Betty very appropriately kneeled beside him.

Called His Bluff.

"I see," he said, "that coal has gone up again."

"Has it?" she replied.

"And they're raising rents," he continued.

"Well," she exclaimed, flaring up, "if you wish to have our engagement broken off say so. I always hate to have people beat about the bush in a case of this kind."

Another Reformer.

Stella—So you are really going to marry old Millyuns. I had no idea you were mercenary. Maude—I'm not. I am going to marry him to reform him. Stella—Reform him! I didn't know he had any bad habits. Maude—Yes, he has one. His friends say he is miserly.—Chicago News.

Encouraging.

He (just accepted)—You say you were never engaged before? She—Yes. He—How is that? I thought all women always had three or four engagements. She (guilelessly)—Well, I presume I shall too. You see, this is the first chance I have had.

THWARTED CRIME.

A Curious Tale, the Secne of Which Is Laid In India.

An Indian up-country paper tells a curious tale. A rich lady, with her two children, both infants, was going, it is said, in her own "ekka" from Ramnagar to a place in the center of the Bar tract. The driver was a trustworthy servant of the family, and it was for this reason that the lady had not divested herself of the ornaments she usually wore. But the sight of the jewels was too much for him, and at an exceptionally lonely spot in that lonely country he suddenly asked his mistress to hand him her valuables. On her suspecting his real designs and hesitating, the miscreant showed himself in his real colors and made her and her little ones, who could barely toddle about, get down. The horrible thought that was working in his brain, that of hiding his crime by means of murder, had given his face a satyrlike look which made the poor woman tremble.

Then he bound her hand and foot and informed her that he would first kill her children and then do her to death. By her earnest entreaties she prevailed over him to begin with her first. He had an ax in his hand, with which he aimed a blow at her; but, the head flying loose, it flew away and left a few inches of the handle only remaining in his grasp. He stepped into the grass to look for it and disappeared behind a mound. She waited her certain doom with all her nerves on the strain. She gradually fell into a swoon, and when she came round the first thing she saw was her husband bending over her and her babies crying and tugging at her clothes.

After she had gone, a merciless uneasiness seized her husband. He could not reason away his vague fears. try as he would, and at last he mounted his horse and followed the "ekka." He had proceeded but a few miles when the sight of his wife and children lying bound up with cords upon the ground met his eyes. And the story that his wife told him congealed his blood with horror. They both then, drawn by an irrepressible curiosity, went toward the direction that the miscreant had taken to pick up his ax, and think of their surprise when they saw his corpse already lying, blue, putrid and bloated, the flies buzzing over it in clouds. Retribution had come in the shape of a "karundia" of the deadly variety known as "khaki," rare even in those snake infested parts, whose bite instantaneously paralyzes the victim and decomposes the body in an hour.—London Globe.

Penn's Treaties.

William Penn's famous treaty with the Indians was made under an elm tree near Philadelphia almost immediately upon his arrival in America, about November, 1682. It had no reference to the ground on which the city of Philadelphia was built, for Penn bought that from the Swedes, who had previously bought it from the Indians. Penn's treaty was mainly a compact of peace and friendship, in which it was guaranteed that under his proprietorship they should not be robbed of their lands. The treaty was sacredly kept by both parties, so much so that Voltaire afterward spoke of it as the only treaty never sworn to and never broken. Penn afterward made treaties with nineteen other Indian tribes, all of which were observed with perfect good faith. The territory out of which the state of Pennsylvania has been formed was granted to Penn by King Charles II. of England in satisfaction of a claim for £16,000 which Penn's father, Admiral Penn, held against the government.

Are You Left Eyed?

"Left eyed people simply own the town these days," said a Broadway oculist. "If the prominence and importance of that optic continue to increase we shall one day be a left eyed race. In more than half the patients I treat the left eye is already considerably larger than the right. It is brighter and it lasts longer. If you want to find out which eye is stronger try to read first with one, then with the other, unassisted by its mate. Nine times out of ten that test shows how much more useful the left eye is than the right.

"I devoutly hope that I shall never lose either of my eyes, but if one has to go I just as devoutly hope that it will be the right. There was a time when the superstitious and even specialists on eyes believed that only left handed people were also left eyed. That theory is now exploded. Overdevelopment of the left eye is in danger of becoming a disease, the peculiar effects of which are already apparent in many faces."—New York Press.

Getting a Degree In China.

Education and learning are objects of great reverence in China. The attainment of a degree is a tremendous honor. The Rev. E. J. Hardy says in his "John Chinaman at Home:" "When a man obtains the degree of Sau Tsoi (B. A.) large placards are sent to his friends announcing his success. These placards are frequently posted outside the house of the recipient to show his pride at being able to claim friendship with so distinguished a person. Great is the ovation that is awarded to a successful candidate on returning home. Feasts are given, bands of music and processions parade the streets. The hero of the hour, wearing square toed boots, a gilt flowerlike ornament in his cap, and across his chest and back the bands of light red silk that indicate his new dignity, is told by every one that he is an honor to his parents, to the school in which he studied and to the city or village of his birth. His parents are publicly thanked by the civic authorities for having given birth to so talented a son."

Real Detectives at Work.

"That was a terrible crime committed yesterday."

"It was so. Have the police made any progress toward apprehending the guilty parties?"

"Oh, yes. They've persuaded the newspapers to take the matter up."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

Breaks no Hearts, Excuses no Crimes.

Dr. David Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is not a disguised enemy of the human race, where it cannot help, it does not harm. It is composed of vegetable ingredients and does not heat or inflame the blood but cools and purifies it. In all cases of Kidney troubles, Liver complaints, Constipation of the Bowels, and the delicate derangements which afflict women, the action of Dr. Kennedy's FAVORITE REMEDY is beyond praise. Thousands of grateful people voluntarily testify to this, in letters to Dr. Kennedy; and with a warmth and fullness of words which mere business certificates never possess. It makes no drunkards—excuses no crimes—breaks no hearts. In its coming there is hope, and in its wings there is healing. We challenge a trial and are confident of the result. Your druggist has it. ONE DOLLAR a Bottle. Bear in mind the name and address: Dr. David KENNEDY, Rondout, New York.

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A display of French Pattern Hats designed by Colliar, Virot, Lichtenstein.

Also pretty designs from Redfern, Carolyn, Rebrandt, Linn Faulkner and others.

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"Our daughter who was attending college became very nervous and we were advised to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription," writes Mrs. M. C. Fox, of 57 E. Leonard St., Grand Rapids, Mich. "We did so and then you advised us to get the Golden Medical Discovery also. She took four bottles of the Prescription and three of the Golden Medical Discovery, and you never saw such a change in a person. She said she did not feel like the same person. She was about seventeen years old at the time. I will gladly recommend Dr. Pierce's medicines to every one. I advise parents who have young daughters who suffer from nervous troubles to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription at once. I am sure it will help them."

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JOHN C. HAMLIN

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—D. C. Young has a change of ad in this issue.

—The farmers institute held at Custer City last week was a great success.

—The Royal shirt waists are advertised by The Lindholm Co. this week.

—The Myrkle-Harder Stock Co. in "Sandy Borton" is the attraction at the Lyceum this evening.

—The new advertisement of Holmes & Gillilan in this issue is of special interest to housewives.

—There will be services in the Union church, East Smethport, next Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The subject will be, "Life's Writings."

—Tom Harrington, a soldier of three wars and one of the most versatile writers in this section, is doing reportorial work on the Potter Journal.

—The T. E. A. of Ormsby held an enjoyable dance in their hall at that place last Friday night. Several Smethport young men attended the dance.

—Pyhsical Culture classes meet regularly in the new gym. at Edinboro Normal. Hand book sent free. Spring term begins Mar. 28th. John F. Bigler, Prin.

—A big whistle, eight feet long and claimed to be capable of sounding a blast that can be heard ten miles, has been ordered by the village of Salamanca for fire alarm purposes.

—The batting averages of last season's Kane baseball team have just been published and show that Albert Servatius of Smethport led the team with an average of .352. Chas. Eichberger, also of this place, was third with an average of .306.

—The winner of the $25,000 prize for correctly naming the attendance at the St. Louis Exposition in 1905 was Frank Campbell, a convict in the Nebraska State penitentiary, who still has about one year to serve. He will receive only $12,500 of the prize, as he agreed to pay a lawyer half the prize in securing it.

—Patrick Sullivan, the smallest soldier in the Union army in the civil war, died suddenly a few days ago at Altoona. Sullivan was only 4 feet, 9 inches tall and enlisted first as drummer boy, later as a soldier. He followed Hancock and McClellan and fought in a dozen desperate conflicts. He was 69 years old.

Under Many Flags.

Possibly no possession has changed nationality so frequently as the island of Santa Cruz, in the Danish West Indies. Originally the land belonged to Spain, and it was taken from Spain to be under the joint rule of England and Holland. After awhile the flag of Holland was taken down, and the English flag alone floated, only to give way to Spain again. The Knights of Malta were the next possessors, and from them it passed to a company of adventurers, who, lost it to France, which sold it to a Danish company, the land finally coming into the possession of the Danish government. England again took possession in 1801, and eight years later it passed to Denmark's government again. Eventually it will probably become a part of the United States, two bargains having been arranged, but never completed.

Coxey's Army.

Coxey's army started from Coxey's home in eastern Ohio in the spring of 1894, to carry, as Coxey said, a "petition in boots" to congress for relief from the hard times then prevailing. On arriving at Washington it was denied access to congress, and those of the pilgrims who disregarded the order to "keep off the grass" of the capitol grounds were sent to jail. Coxey himself was condemned to a term in jail. The "army" at last crossed the Potomac and settled down in a sort of hobo camp on the Virginia side. There it was allowed to remain for several months until complaints from Washington induced the governor of Virginia to break up the camp and disperse the campers.

Odd Marriage Ceremony.

Polynesia is probably the only place in the world where the marriage feast takes place without the presence of the bridegroom. For some unexplained reason the young man is "sent into the bush" when negotiations are opened with the family of his bride, and he remains there during the subsequent festivities. It is only when the guests have departed and the girl is left alone with his parents that messengers are dispatched for him.

A Scotch "Bull."

General Wade constructed military roads in the highlands of Scotland. An obelisk was constructed to commemorate his achievements on which was inscribed the following "bull," intended to distinguish between natural tracks and made roads:

Had you seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless General Wade.

Beware so long as you live of judging people by appearances.—La Fontaine.

Dreams.

A scientist explains some of the strange phenomena of dreams by saying that they are due to what he calls "hereditary memory." He takes the "falling through space" dream and points out that after suffering the mental agony of falling, the sleeper escapes the shock of the actual stopping. The explanation is that the falling sensations have been transmitted from remote ancestors who were fortunate enough to save themselves after falling from great heights in treetops by clutching the branches. The molecular changes in the cerebral cells due to the shock of stopping could not be transmitted because victims falling to the bottom would be killed. In a similar manner by reverting to the habits of animals which existed centuries ago the same investigator finds an explanation for the mental state experienced by individuals in various dreams—the "pursuing monster" dream, the "reptile and vermin" dream, color dreams, suffocation dreams, flying dreams and the like.

Quack Medicines of Bygone Days.

Nearly everything in the animal kingdom was formerly used in the healing art. In the oldest medical book now known, composed in Heliopolis, where once Joseph served in the house of Potiphar, we find means for increasing the growth of hair, prepared for Schesch, the mother of Teta, the king of upper and lower Egypt.

"Dogs' teeth, overripe dates, and asses' hoofs were carefully cooked in oil and then grated. As Tota lived before Moses, this recipe for hair oil is older than the great pyramid at Gizeh and is supposed to date back more than 6,000 years. The heads of venomous serpents have held an important place in medicine. A strong broth made from them and mixed with salt and spices and 100 other remedies was employed under the name of theriac as a cure for every conceivable disease. Three drops of the blood of an angry cat gave relief to the epileptic.

Camp Tidbits.

The [illegible] may be broiled over the hot embers [illegible] sliced bacon so arranged [illegible] rings run over the [illegible], or it may be [illegible] with vegetables and [illegible] cause the longer it [illegible] the fire the better will [illegible] Only seasoned campers [illegible] quickly to roast on [illegible] a range or know [illegible] two uses of deer [illegible] such parched corn [illegible] and all night, or dried venison pounded to fragments and cooked with rich bear's fat, musk turtle eggs, porcupine steaks, with bell-leaders as a side dish. And, although thousands of hunsreats are killed and eaten every year in Maryland and Delaware, probably but few of my readers in the northern states will experiment with this refeal.—Outing.

Chinese Cooking Secrets.

"I once attended a mandarin's banquet in Peking," said an ex-consul, "and it was the most remarkable feast I ever sat down to. One course appeared to be plain hard boiled eggs. The eggs came on unadorned. Their shells were intact, and yet, when we broke into them, we found that they contained nuts and sweetmeats. Another course was whole oranges, with unbroken skins, yet inside the oranges were five different kinds of jelly. The Chinese guests took these two courses as a matter of course, but I, in amazement, asked our host how on earth they had been concocted. He smiled and shook his head.

"'Ah, that,' he said, 'is my cook's secret.'"

Warren and Jefferson.

Joseph Jefferson was playing Sheridan's comedy of "The Rivals" in Boston on one occasion many years ago. His version of the play had been arranged in such a way as to give Bob Acres considerably more prominence perhaps than the author originally intended, occasionally at the expense of the other characters. William Warren, the old comedian, sat the play out and at its conclusion was asked, "How do you like Jefferson's Bob Acres?"

"Capital, capital," replied Warren, "and Sheridan twenty miles away."

Carlyle's Way.

Carlyle appears in a brief reminiscence from the pen of Percy Fitzgerald thus: The thing with Carlyle was to send out for a long churchwarden (a clay pipe) and a screw of tobacco, which put him in great good humor. He talked o his plate, as you might say. If anybody said anything from which he dissented you would hear him murmuring, "Oh, the puir auld fool; a regular puir auld fool!"

More Light.

A case was being tried on the charge of selling impure whisky. The whisky was offered in evidence. Jury retired to try the evidence. Judge (presently) —What is the verdict? Foreman of the Thirsty Jury—Your Honor, we want more evidence.—San Francisco News Letter.

A Conjugal Tiff.

Husband—I see plainly you want to get up a quarrel. And in the street too! Wait at least till we are inside our own house. Wife—Impossible. I shall have cooled down before we get there.—Paris Journal.

Satisfaction.

"Do you know that your attentions weary me?"

"Do they, indeed? I was beginning to feel that I had failed to make any impression whatever."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sarcastic.

Waiter—How did you order your beef, sir? Gruxeigh—Personally, confound you! I suppose I ought to have ordered it by mail two weeks in advance.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

As the sword of the best tempered metal is most flexible, so the truly generous are most pliant and courteous in their behavior to their inferiors.—Fuller.

A Lack of Competition.

The old squire was narrating his experiences with county fairs. "You never had much to do with managing them, perhaps," he said. "Well, I have had a great deal. It takes a lot of head work, I can tell you, to think up popular features outside of the big steers, the fat hogs, the mammoth squashes, the poultry, the preserves, the lace tidies and the agricultural horse trots to draw the crowd.

"I remember one year," he proceeded, "when we got everybody's interest excited by announcing a prize of a gold headed cane for the homeliest man in the county and a silk dress pattern for the homeliest woman. After a spirited competition the cane was awarded to Colonel Van Jessup, the landlord of the Van Jessup hotel."

"Yes, I know him," interrupted one of the listeners, "and I've seen the cane. Who got the silk dress for being the homeliest woman?"

"Nobody. There weren't any entries."

Salt Water Falls.

There are a good many salt cataracts in existence. They may be found in Norway, southern Chile and British Columbia, where narrow fiords or arms of the sea are obstructed by barriers of rock. The rising tide flows over and filters through such reefs into the great natural reservoirs beyond, but the water is held back at the ebb until it breaks over the obstruction in an irresistible torrent. Most curious of all is the waterfall at Canoe passage, where the island of Vancouver approaches the British Columbia mainland. Here the flood tide from the gulf of Georgia, to the southward, is dammed back at a narrow cleft between two islands until it pours over in a boiling cascade eighteen feet high, with perhaps double the volume of the Rhine. At the turn of the tide, however, the waters from the north rush back into the gulf, producing a cascade of equal height and volume. This salt water fall actually flows both ways.

The Cattle Shooting Habit.

The brute farmer who orders the city sport man off his "lands" is always more reasonable to the man with the gun. His stories of damage to his cattle are unbelieved, but there seems to be some reason for the rural objection to city gunners. "Ye know how widespread the cattle shooting habit is," said a government meat inspector, "one should take up a position beside an inspector at a packing house and note how many cattle are dayed revealing a charge of bird shot in their bodies. Some are peppered on one side only, others on both sides. I don't know whether the cases are all accidental or whether the hunters shoot the cattle full of bird shot just for fun, but mighty few, either native or range cattle, reach the packing houses without carrying souvenirs of some glorious hunting trip."

A Malicious Will.

Persons wishing to register in their last wills and testaments their feelings regarding their natural heirs may take as a model the following crisp effort of an Englishman, William Hall: "I give to that vile wretch, Samuel Hall, who I admitted of the temple many years since, but he sold his gown, and in seven years I could never get him to church but once, and twice he assaulted me, and at the time he had certainly killed me if by God's providence I had not by a maidservant been thrown against a great fire, the sum of 10 shillings, to be paid him every Monday upon request, and I wish that the first food he takes after my death will choke him."

Lincoln's Integrity.

No man ever believed in his calling more thoroughly than Lincoln, and he had no patience with the much mouthed charge that honesty was not compatible with its practice.

"Let no young man choosing the law for a calling yield to that popular belief," he wrote. "Resolve to be honest at all events. If, in your judgment, you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."—Frederick Trevor Hill in Century.

Penciling on Zinc.

An ordinary pencil mark on zinc is in a measure indelible. The writer saw recently a zinc label on which a name had been written with an ordinary lead pencil thirty years ago, and after a little of the oxide had been rubbed off the name was as legible as if it was just written. For permanency, where no illegibility is desired, nothing can be more durable.—Exchange.

Logically Demonstrated.

She—I can prove logically and mathematically that women are worth more than men. He—I'd like to see you do it, my dear. She—Isn't a miss as good as a mile? He—So they say. She—And doesn't it take a whole lot of men to make a league?—Baltimore American.

Little Difference.

"Really," said the X ray operator to the surgeon, "there is only a grammatical distinction between our professions."

"Do you think so?" said the surgeon. "Certainly. I see bones, and you saw bones."—Bystander.

The Modern Way.

Villain—If I should kiss you, I suppose you'd go and tell your mother. Modern Shepherdess—No; I should go and tell my lawyer.—New Yorker.

Prescription by a Rival.

Florence—I should like to do something that would make him miserable for life. Mabel—Then why don't you marry him?

Wanted to Find the Crumb.

Mamma—What are you fearing your doll to pieces for? Hattie—I'm looking for the crumb of comfort papa said was to be found in everything.

Man is the merriest of all the species of creation. Above and below him all are serious.—Addison.

The Garibaldi.

The Garibaldi are a very ancient Ligurian family. The first who used the name would seem to have been Garibald, duke of Bayaria, A. D. 584. From him descended Grimaldus, king of Lombardy, A. D. 673. His son was Garibaldus. Then the name disappears, but it is early found among the nobles of Genoa, and at the institution of the Liber Aureus, in 1528, its members are recorded as of the ancient nobility. From 1528 to 1751 the successive generations of the Garibaldi are recorded in the "Libro d'Oro," and the last name but one there entered is Joseph Garibaldi, born 1792, probably an ancestor of the dictator. In 1685 Jeannetia Garibaldi was one of the four senators who accompanied the doge of Genoa to Versailles after Louis XIV. had nearly destroyed Genova la Superba by bombs to apologize to the ruthless tyrant.—Notes and Queries.

Appropriate.

Friend—What do you think of that cigar I gave you? It's a "Colonel," you know. Tommy—Well, how appropriate! There's something about this cigar that is suggestive of a colonel. Friend—What's that? Tommy—It's rank.—Scraps.

Dangerous Aphorism.

Bachelor—Talk is cheap. Benedict—For goodness sake, don't advertise it as a bargain while my wife is around.—Brooklyn Life.

Nature's Great Invention

On de banks ob de Amazon, far away, far away;
Whar Dr. Green gits August Flowers to dis day;
Ah picked dose flowers in August in ole Brazil,
An' alde I'se a Yankee, ah longs to be dar still.

¶August Flower is the only medicine (free from alcoholic stimulants) that has been successful in keeping the entire thirty-two feet of digestive apparatus in a normal condition, and assisting nature's processes of digestion, separation and absorption—for building and re-building—by preventing ALL irregular or unnatural causes which interrupt healthy and perfect natural processes and result in intestinal indigestion, catarrhal affections (causing appendicitis—stoppage of the gall duct), fermentation of unhealthy foods, nervous dyspepsia, headache, constipation and other complaints, such as colic, biliousness, jaundice, etc.

¶August Flower is nature's intended regulator. Two sizes, 25c, 75c. All druggists.

For sale by H. C. Wells.

Ask a Woman

what she thinks the plumbing. Her keen discernment will surprise you. She will point out defects, most men wouldn't see. That's why its wise to have women consulted about

The Entire Plumbing of a Home

As to our plumbing work we invite the keenest scrutiny. Its plumbed to stay. Get us, and it will be as a woman likes it.

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH PHONES. RUBINS BLOCK Smethport.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Pure Drugs and Medicines

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist.
Opp. Court House. SMETHPORT.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

STOP! READ! and REFLECT

And then go to

BROWNELL BROTHERS

Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS. BOOTS and SHOES.

AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE

FINEST GROCERIES

TO BE FOUND IN TOWN

ROCK-BOTTOM PRICES

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

Brasted's CANDIES ARE DELICIOUS. TRY THEM. TRY US FOR BAKED PIES, CAKES, COOKIES, BREAD, ETC. WE KEEP A COMPLETE LINE OF GROCERIES.

The Swan County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $100 per column per annuum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 15, 1906.

THE Buffalo Commercial says that Sunday afternoon in the Bison City is being gradually made an opportunity for rational and refined amusement. The free concerts are crowded. There were over 2,800 visitors at the Art Gallery, and a large number at the Historical building. And yet the direful results predicted by those who viewed with alarm the approach of the "Continental Sabbath," have not been realized. Buffalo refuses to be Puritanical.

NEXT Tuesday the voters of this county will have an opportunity of casting their ballots for their choice for city, borough and township officers. Too much care cannot be exercised in selecting your choice on these occasions for these men will have a great deal to do with the welfare of your community. It never has been the policy of the MINER to advocate the candidacy of any particular man or party because the voters themselves should know, without instructions, the men for whom to vote and the politics they represent in local government and should cast their votes for those whom they consider would most ably represent the greatest number of the people and handle local affairs with the best business judgment.

MR. W. I. OVIATT has been nominated for justice of the peace in Keating township, which is a deserved recognition by the Democratic party of one of its influential workers. Mr. Oviatt is now serving the county as auditor, a fact which attests his popularity and the confidence which his fellows place in his ability and trustworthiness to serve the public. There are other candidates for justice of the peace for and in Keating, and it is the duty and privilege of the good people of the township to choose the best among them. It is neither our province nor our desire to offer any advice in the matter, but if the choice should fall upon Mr. Oviatt, no doubt he would serve acceptably, as he has the intelligence and the temperament safe to fulfill the duties of the office.—Bradford Record."

"THE time is now ripe for the people of Smethport to make a united effort to locate some new industries in this place and thus prevent a decline of the town. Within the past seven years we have located industries here that have doubled the population of our town and made it one of the most prosperous in the country, but we should not rest here. Why not double the population again and make it the most prosperous town in the State? We believe it is in the power of our people to do it if the proper effort is make. The citizens are willing to lend their aid and what is needed most is a leader—some energetic man or organization of men who can and will give this matter the time and work necessary to get things started in the right direction and push them through to the finish. One property owner in this borough, who is not interested in any business, made a proposition that if others would follow would put us in shape to locate some new industries. His proposition was this: He wanted to be one of fifty to donate $100 for a fund to be set aside for immediate use in locating industries in this place. This gentleman is in no better financial condition than a great many of our citizens nor would he derive any greater benefit from the location of industries here than a large number of others and if others would take the same interest according to their means and the benefits such industries would be to them there would be little doubt of making a success of this project.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON D. C., Feb. 10, 1906.

Representative "Pete" Hepburn has been riding around in a cab ever since the rate bill that bears his name passed the House. It was a decided victory, and not an unexpected one. But the real fight on the bill is still to come. The Senate Committee that is now considering the measure is divided, and though there may be a unanimous report on the bill to the Senate, it does not now look as if there would be. Of course the air is full of rumors. You can hear anything you want to on either side. It is reported that the Senate is ready to lay down and report the bill in just the condition it came from the House. It is said, with equal appearance of authority, that the Senate will report an entirely different bill. It is said that the Senate will honestly try to arrange a compromise measure that the conferees can arrange on, and it is said again, most sinister rumor of all, that the enemies of the bill see their chance for a prolonged fight and will throw the measure back on the House amended in such shape that there will be a session-long fight over it, with the probabilities against there being any legislation worth a name this session. The Hepburn bill is far from what the railroads want, but it is not quite as bad as they feared. The way an impartial outsider looks at it was illustrated very well to-day in the comment of Ray Standard Baker, the magazine writer, who certainly has no great love for corporations of any sort and who has been devoting all of his time lately to the arraignment of the railroads based on testimony gathered from official sources. He was at the Interstate Commerce Commission to-day looking up more evidence on which to continue his campaign. When asked what he thought of the Hepburn bill in the shape it finally got through the House, he said: "I think personally that it is a good measure. It has some faults, and I do not think it goes far enough. But it goes in the right direction. I believe it is going to pass the Senate, and it certainly ought to." Of course this is the opinion of only one man, and he is a radical. But it is the expression of a man who has spent much time in the study of railroads, and one who has no particular axe to grind. So as an opinion it ought to be worth something.

There is an increasingly bitter fight on the details of the Panama Canal bill. Mr. Patterson has moved to strike out the provision abrogating the eight hour law on the Isthmus. Such a motion furnished the very opportunity that the enemies of the Canal want, a fight for time and delay. No one who knows anything about conditions on the Isthmus imagines for a minute that the abrogation of the eight hour law there would have the slightest effect on the labor situation in the United States. Whether the canal is built by contract or by the Commission directly, the labor will not be American. American laborers will not go to the Isthmus, and could not work there as they do in the states if they went. But the opposition to any sort of a canal, and it is a strong opposition, is willing to make use of the labor demagogue or anything else it can get hold of to harry the measure, and add embarrassment, delay and expense to the undertaking. There has as yet been no vote taken on this feature of the measure, and the object of the opposition will simply be to delay a vote as long as possible.

The prospect of trouble with China is again commanding attention. There is no question that the outbreak there is more serious than had previously been supposed. Advices to the State Department show a very bad state of affairs, and the military establishment in the Philippines is being made ready for any eventualities. There is a light cruiser squadron that can be placed off the China coast in short order, and if necessary troops can be transported and landed with little delay. It is not thought that matters will reach this acute stage, but the government is quite prepared for them if they do. The Chinese Government continues polite and conciliating, as usual, but there is small question that the outbreak is anti-American rather than anti-foreign, and that it is being fostered by the other foreign elements, the Japanese, the British and the Germans in the order named, who see a menace in the constantly growing trade of this country with China, and a serious strategic menace in our proposition in the Philippines.

Now that the Secretary of the Navy finds how drastic the mandatory dismissal law for hazing at Annapolis is, and how if the law is really enforced it will result in cleaning out practically all of the midshipmen except the fourth classmen, who have nobody to haze, he is weakening on the law and wants it repealed. There is no question but that the mandatory dismissal law is a mistake. It makes no distinction between the various degrees of hazing, and promises to rob the Academy of most of the upper classmen. When one considers that the education of a cadet costs the government about $20,000, this is no small matter financially, to say nothing of the inconvenience it would cause the service to be deprived of the bulk of three classes just at a time when it wants naval officers badly. So the Secretary is now consulting with a number of members in Congress with a view to getting the present law repealed, and it is just possible that the President may be urged to grant pardons to the eight cadets who have already been dismissed, though there is a question whether, under the law, even he could reinstate them.

For Sale.

Lot in business part of town, south side of Main street, 43 feet front and 176 deep, with old house, for sale at a reasonable price. Inquire of Mrs. Laura Taylor.

WANTED — Bright, honest young man from Smethport to prepare for paying position in Government Mail Service. Box One, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

WANTED—White oak piling, telegraph poles, ties and lath. Box 154, Station A, Pittsburg, Pa.

DENTISTRY.

Modern, scientific and up-to-date. Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years experience. Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE,
Smethport, Pa.

C. A. BURDICK

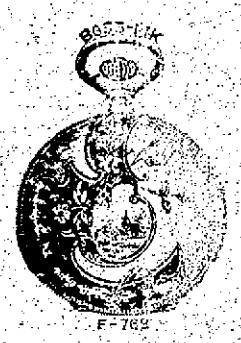
Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Equitable Life Assurance Society, Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Fourteen of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.



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RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

CAPITAL - - -	$200,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS -	$80,000.00

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to act as Executor, Trustee, Administrator, Guardian, Assignee, Receiver and in all fiduciary capacities, both under court and personal appointment.

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under mortgage, Registrar and Transfer Agent of Stocks and Bonds of Corporations.

Interest Paid on Time Deposits. Business and Personal Accounts respectfully solicited

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Blankets and Robes.

The season for Blankets or Robes is here and at the store you can always find

Just What You Want.

all lines of Trunks, Telescopes, Suit Cases, Traveling Bags, etc., at popular prices. Harness—All the latest styles in single and double, light and heavy harness.

Chas. Lemmler,
Smethport, Pa.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on the 9th day of February, A. D. 1906, the Smethport Extract Company filed in the court of Common Pleas for the county of McKean its petition praying for a decree of dissolution has been fixed by said court for the 2nd day of March, 1906, at 2 o'clock, p. m. when and where all persons interested may attend and show cause against the granting of the prayer of the said petition if they so desire.

GALLUP & BOUTON, Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Feb. 9, 1906.

QUALITY

WHEN YOU WANT THE BEST IN CANNED VEGETABLES WE CAN FURNISH YOU WITH THEM.

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

COLD, WET WEATHER

Will soon be here and you will want footwear that will do good service. We keep in stock a complete line of well known makes and our prices are reasonable. For the best in

FOOTWEAR

this is the place. Call and see our line.

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

Just Received!

The Finest and most complete line of

Picture Mouldings

ever brought to Smethport. Before you purchase a frame call and see the elegant assortment at my studio.

"IKE" GLEASON, The Photographer
Smethport, Pa.

McCoy's Drug Store

—HEADQUARTERS FOR—

Globe-Wernicke Book Case

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COFFEE

Gilt Edge, Castle and Palmer House, 35c

Emperor and Puritan 20c

Penns Cafe, Sensation and Canister, 30c

Black Coffee 10, 20, 22, & 35 cents

We Can Please You. Give Us a Trial.

A. E. FOSTER & CO

IF YOU LOOKING FOR

GOOD GOODS and HONEST DEALINGS

Don't forget to call on us for GROCERIES and PROVISIONS. Don't forget to get a sack of our SEARCHLIGHT FLOUR.

Try some of Heinz's DILL PICKLES and a bottle of CATSUP and many other things too numerous to mention.

Also agents for LIPTON'S CELEBRATED TEAS and COFFEES. Also fresh BALTIMORE OYSTERS arriving daily. Finest in town.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

INVENTORY SALE

We have been taking inventory and cleaning house. Found many broken lots in MEN'S, BOYS' and CHILDREN'S CLOTHING. Never cleaned a closet yet but that you found something you had lost track of. So in store keeping. Stock counting brings to light many things and makes prominent many important facts. We're going to right these matters with an

INVENTORY SALE.

Going to right them with very low prices; prices so low that every garment in those broken lines will be sold. The broken lots are always the best lots. You can't resist prices.

H. W. RUBIN, SMETHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

10 and 15c Ladies Home Journal Patterns 10 and 15c

In looking over my stock of goods I find some that have not sold as readily as others, such as Outing Flannels, Flannelettes, Flannelette Wrappers, etc. Therefore I shall offer these at lowest prices.

o——o——o

Also have some new books left over from the holidays which sold at 15 and 25c, sale price now 10 and 15c.

o——o——o

Ask to see our scarfing for sideboard and dresser covers, at 25 and 30c. Towels and towelling at good values.

D. C. YOUNG

SMETHPORT, PA.

January 9, 1906.

FALL AND WINTER STYLES IN

Suits, Overcoats, Trousers, &c

are now on hand. If you intend having anything done in the tailoring line now is the time to place your order before the rush is on. A trial will convince you that I am here to please you.

G. W. SHILLENN

THE LEADING TAILOR.

CUT PRICE SALE.

This is the time of year when the shopper is looking for valuable goods at a very low price. You will realize a great saving by purchasing your ready to wear garments here.

All Trimmed Hats will go at cost.

A lot of Coats, Ladies, Misses and Children's, at prices that will surprise you.

A few good Furs left which are being sold at cost.

A good assortment of Ladies Dress Skirts, all colors, now going at a great sacrifice.

Many other bargains that limited space will not allow us room to mention.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN'S

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Christmas trade was unusually good and I wish to thank the people of this vicinity for their liberal patronage and wish all a Happy New Year. I have a few toys and useful articles which I will sell at or below cost to make a clean sweep of my holiday stock.

H. C. WELLS

The Lindholm Co.

Smethport, Pa

ADVANCE SHOWING OF

Royal Shirt Waists

FOR SPRING.

Latest styles in WHITE LAWNS, NAINSOOKS and LINENS.

WHITE WASH GOODS

FOR WAISTS AND SUITS.

The very popular HENLEY SERGE A regular 25c seller SPECIAL AT 20c

SEE PATTERNS IN WINDOW.

The Lindholm Co.

1904

Automatic Washer

Positively does the washing in less than half the time required by other device.

Will cleanse 8 shirts in 8 minutes; equivalent to 1 shirt per minute and guaranteed to wash lace curtains without the slightest injury to same.

DOES IT WITH PERFECT EASE.

Operator can sit down and do the washing. A child of 12 years can do the entire washing.

Let us send you one on a week's trial.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Feb. 15 1906.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Monheimer has a bargain to offer in his ad this week.

—The jury commissioners finished their duties Tuesday.

—Five hundred new books have been added to the school library.

—Don't forget the Myrkle-Harder Stock company at the Lyceum this evening.

—W. H. Gallup entertained the members of the Frogs and C & C. Club last Friday evening.

—Miss Carrie Dickenson entertained a number of her friends at a Valentine party last night.

—The Hotel Arlington at Bolivar was sold last week to Lem Vogan, a former Smethport resident.

—Mrs. F. C. Pierce entertained the Picnic Club at her home on East Main street yesterday afternoon.

—St. Elizabeth's bazaar at the Lyceum next week, beginning Wednesday evening with a dance and supper.

—Mrs. J. H. Green and Mrs. F. C. Pierce entertained a small party of friends at Mrs. Green's home on Hill street Friday afternoon.

—Olean elected a Republican mayor on Tuesday. Prof. E. D. Westbrook of the Westbrook Commercial College was the successful candidate.

—In the Baptist church next Sunday the morning subject will be, "Minute Men of God," and in the evening, "The Power of the Love of Money."

—William R. Rixford, for 48 years a resident of the town of Rixford, died Monday afternoon. He is survived by his wife, four sons and five daughters.

—Services will be held at St. Luke's church on Sunday next at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m., and at East Smethport at 2:30 p. m. by Rev. W. E. Van-Dyke.

—The Myrkle-Harder Stock company which will play "Sandy Bottom" at the Lyceum to-night, comes well recommended and should have a crowded house.

—A sweet and child-like sentiment, expressed in a song, when set to a good melody, soon becomes a household favorite. Such is "Let Me Kiss My Mamma Good By," recently published by J. W. Jenkins' Sons, Kansas City.

—It is rumored that Smethport home talent will present a comic opera after Lent. We have plenty of talent and should be able to give a first-class production.

—A Georgia woman now holds the record for brief widowhood. It is claimed that she was wedded to a former lover within five minutes after she left the grave of her late husband.

—Wilkes-Barre will hold an Old Home coming and Centennial Jubilee on May 10-12 in honor of the city's one hundredth anniversary of the incorporation of the city. It promises to be the greatest event in the history of that city.

—Mr. Harry Bennett and Miss Lovina Acre, both of Keating township, were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Byron Acre, on Saturday, Feb. 3d. The happy couple have the best wishes of many friends.

—On another page will be found a large ad for B. Jacobson of Clermont. He is conducting a sale on everything in his store and some good bargains are offered. The ad will prove of special interest to our readers in Clermont and vicinity.

—William Wallace Brown, Frederic Palen Schoonmaker and James Patrick Ryan of Bradford have formed a law partnership to be known as the firm of Brown, Schoonmaker & Ryan. They are able exponents of law and we wish them success.

—Coudersport Consistory will hold its fifteenth reunion of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Bodies on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, Feb. 21, 22 and 23. Candidates will be initiated and a number of the degrees will be worked in full ceremonial.

—The Shawmut railroad is running some big coal trains over its line at present. Most of the trains are "double headers" and many people are of the opinion that the present activity is on account of the threatened coal miners' strike. Reports from reliable quarters say that the Shawmut miners will not strike.

—Keep your eye on the yellow label of this paper. If we have neglected to give the proper credit thereon for subscription paid after a full week has passed, call our attention to the oversight. If the label reminds you of anything you have neglected—let us hear from you on that point. The more of our money we have to use, the better paper we can publish. Watch the yellow label.

—Saturday evening, Feb. 17th, at the Methodist Episcopal church, the Rev. Thomas Cardus will hold the second quarterly conference and on Sunday at 10 a. m. love feast and at 10:30 preaching by Dr. Cardus and communion. Sunday evening Rev. W. A. Harris will preach on "The Place of Christ in Life."

—Gorton's Minstrels appeared at the Lyceum last Saturday evening before a large and pleased audience. The performance given was about the same as when the company made its last appearance here. Chas. Hammond, with the batons and hoops, and the Newton brothers, club jugglers, were exceptionally good.

—Fifteen ladies "walked in" on Mrs. Myrtle Ostrander last Friday evening at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Gifford, Bank street, and passed a very pleasant evening at 6inch and five hundred. The party was in the nature of a farewell to Mrs. Ostrander who will leave in a few days for Caribuge, N. Y., her future home. The invaders left a beautiful dish as a remembrance.

—In all seriousness the other day a man called upon a Bradford undertaker and purchased a coffin. "I have the money now and I wish to pay for the coffin in advance," he explained. "I may die at any time. No fellow can tell when his life will close." He selected a suitable casket, which was not a very costly one, and directed the undertaker to put it away and keep it for him. When wanted it will be called for. The man was quite sane and did not seem to be in the least affected by the odd purchase which he was making.

—The Myrkle-Harder Stock company one of the strongest repertorial companies that has appeared in this city for many seasons, opened a five nights' engagement at the Bradford theatre with a Southern play, "The Slave Girl," last evening. The play was witnessed by a capacity house. Between acts several good specialties were given, which captivated the audience. The entire evening's performance was fine as silk and deserves the greatest praise.—Bradford Star. This company will present "Sandy Bottom" at the Lyceum this evening. Seats 25, 35 and 50c.

—J. H. Rasey and Miss Ruby Estey left Wednesday on the 9:51 train amid a shower of rice which gave away the purpose of their departure. Somewhere enroute the words were said which united the two, but as the particular spot was kept a secret, we will respect the wishes of the young people and not tell—because we do not know. A house on South Main street has been furnished and they are at home to their friends, having returned last night.—Eldred Eagle. Dr. Rasey and his bride have been frequent visitors to Smethport and have numerous friends who will wish them a happy wedded life.

—Here is a problem for hunters to straighten out: A squirrel is in a tree and a man with a gun on the ground is trying to shoot it, but the squirrel persists in keeping on the opposite side of the tree from the man. The man walks clear around the tree to the place of starting, the squirrel going about in the same direction and keeping the tree all the time between itself and the man. Now the problem is, "Has the man been around the squirrel?" He has been around the tree with the squirrel in it, but has he been around the squirrel? Simple as this problem seems, about as many people answer it one way as the other.

Alice Roosevelt's Picture.

A particularly opportune newspaper feature will be issued with the next Philadelphia Sunday Inquirer on Sunday, Feb. 18—the day after the marriage of Miss Alice Roosevelt and Mr. Nicholas Longworth.

This will consist of an excellent reproduction of a most recent photograph of Miss Alice Roosevelt, handsomely printed in vignette style, with a background of the new "Alice Blue" and a picture of the White House beneath it. It makes a very pretty souvenir of the much talked of wedding, and there will undoubtedly be an enormous demand for this issue.

Those who would be sure of getting a copy should place their order with their newsdealer at once, as the edition is of course limited to the number of souvenir pictures on hand.

Notice of Stockholders Meeting.

Notice is hereby given that a meeting of the stockholders of the Smethport Cemetery Society (now known as the Rose Hill Cemetery) will be held at the office of Gorton & Richmond, in the Borough of Smethport, on Monday, the 5th day of March, A. D. 1906, at 2 o'clock p. m. This meeting being called for the purpose of submitting to the stockholders the questions of amending the charter of said society; the election of trustees and officers, the acquiring of additional property and such other and further business as may properly come before said meeting. Attest

A. B. ARMSTRONG, Secretary. H. HAMLIN, President.

College of Music.

$14 pays six weeks tuition on any musical instrument, singing and board at the Freeburg, Pa., College of Music. Terms begin May 7, June 18, July 30. For catalog address Henry B. Moyer.

Get a new fur robe at Lemmler's. He carries a large line that will please you.

Had it Bad.

HAINES CITY, FLA.,

Phillips Drug Co., Warren, Pa.

Dear Sirs:—December 25, 1901, was taken with what physicians pronounced MUSCULAR RHEUMATISM.

I had it bad. I took, as I thought, every known remedy; paid out enough money, anyhow. I was entirely helpless for nearly eighteen months; about that time saw your ad in The National Tribune; sent for a bottle; then for another; then another, and now I am out of the medicine business entirely. I give Crooker's Rheumatic Remedy the credit of curing me. I can heartily recommend it. I. F. TOWER. C

Personal Mention.

Mrs. A. L. Colegrove of Mt. Jewett was in town Friday.

Leo L. Herzog passed Sunday with friends in Mt. Jewett.

Ralph E. Burdick had business in Port Allegany Tuesday.

Mrs. Emily F. Camp of Bradford is visiting relatives in town.

Miss Smith of Straight was a guest of Smethport friends Monday.

Mrs. Blake of Eldred is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Deputy Sheriff Morrison visited Kane Monday on a business mission.

Mark Pomeroy of Port Allegany visited friends in town this week.

Herbert Yerdon of Bolivar, N. Y., was in town the first of the week.

Mrs. F. T. Charnock of Mt. Jewett passed Sunday in town a guest of friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Sandford L. Fry were visitors in Rochester and Buffalo this week.

Mrs. Mary A. Backus and son, Harold, left Saturday for a visit in New York City.

Mrs. John Todd and daughters, Lucile and Margaret, visited in Mt. Jewett Saturday.

Miss Alma Schott of Olean was the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred W. Backus, this week.

Miss Neil of Mt. Jewett returned to her home last Friday, after a short visit with friends in town.

Mrs. Thos. O'Connor of Waverly, N. Y., visited relatives and friends in town Friday and Saturday.

Mrs. C. Herzog returned Monday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. C. A. Anderson, in Colegrove.

Mrs. Lawrence Hopper and daughters, Misses Hazel and Alberta, were visitors in Mt. Jewett last Saturday.

L. Lynn Hopper of Belmont, N. Y., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. Hopper, from Saturday until Monday.

Mrs. W. A. Harris was in Olean Tuesday at a meeting of the officers of the Olean district Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

Mrs. Julia Taylorson of St. Marys returned to her home Monday night after a few days' visit with relatives and friends in town.

Miss Harriett Rogers of Mt. Jewett returned to her home Saturday after a short visit at the home of her grandfather, H. M. Choate.

Mrs. H. W. Rubin and Miss Rachel Rubin returned from a visit to Bradford on Tuesday. Miss Rubin has been quite ill during her visit but is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Black of the Brooklyn side left for Smethport Saturday where Mr. Black has accepted a position in the window-glass factory.—Port Allegany Reporter.

SPECIAL CUT

PRICES CONTINUED

EVEN IF THE BIG ADS ARE CURTAILED FOR THE TIME BEING.

The people like our Clothing and the way we sell it.

This business is run to satify the persons who patronized it; giving them the goods they most desire at prices within their means and disbursing treatment that made the individual feel at home here.

We want you to see special values that others offer as well as ours. Investigate.

"IKE" SIMONS

BIG DOUBLE CLOTHING HOUSE

52-54 Main Street.

BRADFORD, PA.

At MONHEIMER'S

It will pay you to look every week for this ad on this page. You will not be troubled to read the whys, wherefores of a bargain. Just a glance will show what a

SPECIAL BARGAIN

I will offer weekly from now on. To start with I offer for one week a

$3.00 SHOE FOR $2.35

Watch next week' offer.

Wm. Monheimer.

Buy Goods at Half Price

We are going to have a Sale

A BIG CLEARANCE SALE. . .

To move a very great accumulation of winter goods—in short lengths and broken lots of real choice desirable merchandise (in every department).

Our winter business has been very heavy, if it were possible to sell out clean on a thousand and one materials, trimmings and other things that made up stocks there would be no excuse for the house cleaning—but remnants accumulate—single articles and sizes stay with us after the great business of the season.

We have determined to be rid of these small lots and remnants of the fall and winter left over quickly—completely. They have taken up space we need for regular goods and we simply say to our friends (who know a real bargain when they see one), "COME AND BE PREPARED TO BUY."

Some of the prices are only a quarter of the original figures, most of them just half and a few about three-quarters.

50 Remnant Silks 1 to 5 yards	150 Remnants Embdys. 1 to 5 yards
50 Remnants Dress Goods 1 to 8 yards	35 Remnants Trimmings ½ to 5 yards
15 Remnants Ginghams 1 to 10 yards	25 Remnants Lawns, etc. 2 to 12 yards
21 Remnants Prints 1 to 15 yards	30 Remnants Skirt Bindgs. 2 to 6 yards
10 Remnants Flannelettes 2 to 9 yards	40 Men's and Boys Colored Shirts. Sizes 12 to 17 Laundried bosoms
15 Remnants Outings 2 to 10 yards	25 Mens Negligee Shirts Sizes 14 to 17
25 Remnants Linings 1 to 5 yards	Several odd lots in Underwear, Gloves, Hosiery for Men, Women and Children.
15 Remnants White Goods 1 to 10 yards	
50 Remnants Laces 1 to 5 yards	

FRY & COMES

Goshen Carpet Sweepers

There are few women in this day and age of the world that do not recognize the carpet sweeper as one of the greatest labor saving devices ever invented to lighten women's labors, but many still continue under the false impression that the carpet sweeper is a luxury and that they cannot afford one.

Now let us put some plain facts before you and we will let you form your own opinion. A Goshen Sweeper will cost you from $3 to $8.50 and will last with proper care for ten years. On the other hand you will wear out in the course of every year four or five brooms or in the course of ten years 40 or 50 brooms at a cost of between $15 and $20, a difference of between $12 or $15 in ten years.

Beyond this direct economy just consider the labor, time and health you save and you will not be another day without a sweeper. Let us fit you with one to-day.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND HARDWARE, BLACKSMITH AND WAGON SHOP.

We Keep in Stock Everything for a House from Foundation to Chimney Top

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRILL BRADFORD, PA. PRILL

PRILL'S Reduction Sale is on. Reducing stock before inventory. Great bargains in every line. Now is the time to buy Diamonds and Watches.

7 MAIN STREET PRILL BRADFORD, PA.

Bell Phone 473.

"Unto One of the Least of These"

By RICHARD BARKER SHELTON

Copyright, 1905, by Richy Douglas

Van Ruyven followed the butler up the wide stairs, inwardly amused at his own trepidation. It was most absurd, he told himself, for a man to feel as he did under these circumstances. There were certainly no logical grounds for his vague fears. Still there was the haunting possibility that the bishop might raise objections. Remote this possibility was, to be sure, but none the less potent. Van Ruyven remembered the time there had been a case pending against him in the courts. It was a silly case, trumped up by an ambulance chaser. His lawyer had told him from the first it was nothing to worry about. And yet he had been more or less disturbed until the jury had brought in its verdict in his favor. His position now as he mounted the stairs in the wake of the solemn butler seemed analogous.

At the head of the stairs the butler drew aside the leather portiere, and Van Ruyven entered the big, dim study. A fire crackled cheerfully upon the hearth and sent flickering shadows dancing up and down the rows upon rows of books. Near by a green shaded lamp threw a soft light upon a table littered with books and papers.

As Van Ruyven crossed the threshold a fine figure of a man rose from his seat by the table and came forward with outstretched hand.

"Arthur, I'm glad to see you," said the bishop, with a smile that left no doubt as to the sincerity of his words. "Sit down here by the fire and give an account of yourself. I count myself in luck that you take the trouble to come up here to see me when Edith is in the house."

He drew two comfortable chairs before the fire and motioned Van Ruyven to one of them.

"Now, then, what sort of absolution do you want this time?" the bishop went on lightly, "or perhaps you came up here because you knew I'd let you smoke."

Van Ruyven smiled. "Thanks, I will smoke if you don't mind," he said, drawing out his cigar case. He selected a cigar with as much care as if the fate of an empire hung upon his choice, clipped the end and slowly lighted it. He smoked abstractedly for a moment or two before he turned to the bishop.

"The fact is," Van Ruyven began, "I have come to you tonight with a very delicate mission."

"Ah, I see." The bishop's words were formal, noncommittal, but his clean shaven, kindly face lighted up with a smile of understanding, and there was a hint of mischief in the gray eyes. Van Ruyven was looking into the fire again. He puffed nervously at the cigar.

"And this delicate mission?" the bishop suggested mildly.

"I come, sir," said Van Ruyven, speaking very slowly, "to ask you if you would have any objections to me as—as Edith's husband—that is," he amended quickly, "if Edith herself has no objections. You see, I haven't ascertained that as yet."

The bishop straightened himself in his chair. With his broad shoulders and his iron gray hair he was a decidedly imposing man. Just now he regarded his guest with an odd expression, half of affection, half of amusement.

"So you came to me first," he said quietly. "Rather a rare procedure in these degenerate days. You show a delicate deference, sir, to certain ideas that I inherit from my ancestry on the other side of the Mason and Dixon line. I think I shall have to index you as a master tactician," he ended playfully.

"Then you have no objections in the matter?" asked Van Ruyven.

"Bless my soul, no," laughed the bishop, "and if I read Edith rightly she has none either."

He leaned forward in his chair and regarded the younger man intently. His face became suddenly grave.

"There is something about Edith, however, that I must confide to you," he said, "something that no one alive knows save I, myself. Under the circumstances, Arthur, you should know it too. I disclose it under the seal of the confessional as something you must never mention at any time nor under any stress."

Van Ruyven bent his head slowly in acknowledgment of his obligation.

"Edith," said the bishop very gently, as if even the confession of it cost him a pang, "is not my own child."

Van Ruyven sat up in surprise. "Not your child?" he repeated incredulously.

"No," said the bishop. "Years ago, when I was in charge of a very humble country parish, she was left on the steps of the rectory one night, a tiny mite, wrapped in an old horse blanket. We intended at first to send her to an asylum, but there was something about those big dark eyes and those tiny arms even then that cried out to us. You know there were never any children of our own, and she came to fill the vacant niche in our lives." He paused a moment and smiled reminiscently. "I thought you ought to know of this, even if"—

"My dear bishop," Van Ruyven interrupted, "I doubt if she could have been really more yours had she been born to you. Why, she has your ideas and your traits. She even has your penetrating way of looking at one."

"I don't think the accident of her birth has made very much difference with her or with me," the bishop said. "My own daughter could not have been more to me, Arthur." The bishop's eyes were moist in his earnestness.

She has never once disappointed me. Even her intentions seem to be mine."

* * * * * * *

There was a commotion downstairs then the sound of footsteps on the polished stairs and a vigorous knock on the panel. The portiere was whisked aside, and an excited maid came into the room—so excited that she gave no heed to the bishop's frown of mild reproof at her unseemly entrance.

"Plaze, sor," she gasped, "Miss Edith do be wantin' yer downstairs at wance, sor. They's been a baby lift on the doorstip."

The bishop almost sprang from his chair. "A what?" he said.

"A baby, sor, lift on the doorstip, sor."

"There seems something almost ominous in this coincidence, Arthur," he said nervously. "Pardon me a moment. I'll be back directly."

After the bishop had left the room Van Ruyven tiptoed cautiously into the hall and peered over the banisters. It was indeed a strange group that stood in the hall below—Mrs. Briggs, the housekeeper, with the much swathed foundling in her arms; Edith, tall and stately, standing near by; her arms and neck showing like ivory against the dark tapestry on the wall; the bishop peering into the depths of the old shawl that wrapped the child; two maids crowding over his shoulder and the statuesque Higgins explaining to such as cared to listen how he had come to find the bundle when he had answered the bell.

"And what'll we do with it?" asked Mrs. Briggs when Higgins' tale of woe had come to an end.

"Do?" said Edith. "Why, we'll take it to the home, of course."

"My dear," the bishop remonstrated mildly, "we'll not keep it here with us? To take it to the home seems to me to be very much like casting it into outer darkness. Of course we can't look after all the waifs, but suppose we take this one, who has been left at our very door, and give it a chance in the world."

Edith laughed unsympathetically. "Why, father, dear, what a silly idea," she began. "Of course we can't keep it."

"Inasmuch as we have done it unto one of the least of these," quoted the bishop.

"A very pretty sentiment," said the girl, "but most impractical. You haven't the least idea what instincts this child may have. You would probably give it every advantage in the world only to have it disappoint you at every turn. It would probably grow up a most ungrateful little wretch. They always do."

Van Ruyven tiptoed back into the study and sat down before the fire. He heard the group below go into the reception room, and their voices came up to him inarticulately. For a time he sat there, smoking in a preoccupied manner. Then he heard Edith's voice in the hall below giving orders to the servants.

"Higgins, telephone for the carriage, and Mrs. Briggs get on your things, please, and be ready when it comes. We'll take the child to the home. I'll go with you. I can't conceive why father had such absurd notions about keeping it here."

A little later the front door slammed, there was a rumble of carriage wheels without, and then Van Ruyven heard the bishop's steps slowly ascending the stairs. He came into the study and stood for awhile looking silently into the fire.

"Did you hear it?" he asked at length, turning abruptly to Van Ruyven. The younger man nodded. The bishop sank rather heavily into his chair.

"She's not mine! I was mistaken!" he burst out. "She is no daughter of mine, after all!"

Van Ruyven rose. "I think I'd best go now," he said simply. "Please don't tell Edith that I have been here nor why I came."

The bishop looked at him narrowly. "It will be hard for her," he said, "but I think you are justified."

Suddenly the bishop's head drooped. There was a stifled sound very like a sob.

"She said it would grow up an ungrateful little wretch, and she was right, Arthur; she was right."

Salt.

The other day the writer saw a young girl upset some salt at the table and then pick up a pinch and throw it over her left shoulder. She said that if she didn't she would quarrel with her best friend. It seemed silly to think that the spilling of the salt was going to make the quarrel, and it seemed just as silly to think that the tossing of some of it in a certain direction was going to help matters. But, like most old superstitions, there is some reason back of it.

Salt, as you know, is a great purifier. It prevents decay, is a tonic and strengthener and is necessary to the health and even to the life of men and animals. The ancients looked upon it as always pure and lasting and made it the token of friendship. Out of this undoubtedly grew the idea that when salt is spilled friendship is broken. The Arabs regard salt as sacred, and a Bedouin in the desert, who would rob and kill you perhaps otherwise, becomes your friend and protector against all enemies if he eats salt with you, his way of offering hospitality.—New York Times.

Earthly Riches.

The thief had broken through and was stealing.

"Serves 'em right," he said, "for layin' up their treasures so nice an' convenient on top of this bureau where I can git at 'em."

The moth and rust meanwhile were at work in other portions of the elegant and costly mansion.—Chicago Tribune.

PISO'S CURE FOR
25 CTS
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS

EMIL THAMM
MANUFACTURER OF
Fine Cigars
Wholesale and Retail Dealer

ECCENTRIC PARSONS.

STORIES OF ENGLISH CLERGYMEN WITH ODD WAYS.

A Rector Who Had a Mania For Collecting—A Curate Who Made a Coat Last Forty-three Years—Remarkable Services From Meager Incomes.

Many stories are told of an eighteenth century Leicestershire parson, the Rev. Mr. Hagemore of Calthorn, who had a mania for collecting, says the London Tit-Bits. When he died he left behind him 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pairs of boots, 400 pairs of shoes, 80 wigs (not one of which he had ever worn) and 100 pairs of breeches. In addition to this extensive wardrobe he had accumulated 30 wheelbarrows, 200 pickaxes, 200 spades, 71 ladders, 58 dogs, 80 wagons and carts, 80 plows (he never used one of them), 240 razors and an enormous number of walking sticks, for which a toy man gladly offered £8.

Mr. Hagemore had two servants, one of each sex, both of whom he locked in their bedrooms every night, and it was through this precautionary measure that he lost his life. As he was walking in his garden very early one morning his dogs leaped on him and threw him into a pond. The servants heard their master's cries for help, but as they were locked in they could not go to his assistance, and the reverend gentleman was drowned, his hoardings going to his next of kin, a London porter.

It is a good many years now since the Rev. John Trueman of Daventry departed this life, leaving behind him the snug fortune of £50,000, the accumulation of a niggardly lifetime. Some remarkable stories are told of Mr. Trueman's miserly habits—how he would take turnips from his parishioners' fields and then beg pieces of bacon to boil with his purloined vegetables and how he would invite himself as guest to the houses of his flock in turn and pull the worsted out of the corners of the blankets to darn his stockings.

A more remarkable clerical miser still was the Rev. Morgan Jones, a Berkshire curate of a century or so ago. During the whole of Mr. Jones' forty-three years' curacy of Blewbury, it is said, a single coat and hat served him. When his coat showed too palpable signs of wear he would put on a piece of its tails and thus the form or worn part with it until in process of time the tails vanished altogether, and the quondam coat was converted into a jacket, with a patch for almost every day in the year. When his hat similarly showed the ravages of time he appropriated the head covering of a scarecrow and used it for repairing the damage. His one and only shirt underwent the same patching and renovation, its tails following those of the coat, while the curate's stockings underwent so many processes of darning that not a vestige of the original and only pair remained by the time he had no further use for them.

For the last twenty years of his life Mr. Jones' household expenses never exceeded half a crown a week. He invariably retired at sunset to save the cost of candles, and in the coldest weather never allowed himself the luxury of a fire except on Sundays, and then the fire was made from sticks picked up in the roads and churchyard. His menu was limited to bread and bacon and tea, and a half quartern loaf lasted him a week. For little short of half a century this old clergyman lived on his fees and saved his income of £80 a year, while subscribing liberally to religious societies and giving many a pound to his needy parishioners.

What a thrifty parson can do on a miserly small income was shown by a one time curate of Thulkeld, in Cumberland, Alexander Naughley, whose entire income was £8 15s. a year. Mr. Naughley lived absolutely alone, slept on a bed of straw and cooked his own scanty food, but he never failed to present a respectable appearance to the world, while not a word of complaint ever passed his lips.

A very eccentric parson was the Rev. Langton Freeman, an old time rector of Bilton, in Warwickshire, who left the following strange instructions for his funeral: "For four or five days after my decease I would not be removed out of the place or bed I shall die on, and then I would be carried or laid in the same bed in the summer house in my garden, to be laid in the same bed there and to be wrapped in a strong double winding sheet, the door and windows to be locked and bolted, the building to be planted around with evergreen plants and fenced off with iron or oak pales and painted of a dark blue color, and for the due performance of this and for keeping the building, etc., always in repair I give to my nephew, Thomas Freeman, the manor of Whilton," etc.

Shortly before Dr. Donne's death he gave instructions for a large wooden urn to be made and then summoned an artist to paint his portrait in this fashion: "Several charcoal fires were made in his study, then Donne came in with his winding sheet in his hand. He wrapped himself up in the sheet, and thus apparelled he placed himself on the urn with his eyes shut and the sheet just decently pulled aside to show his pale emaciated face, which he turned toward the east, whence he expected the coming of the Saviour." When the picture was finished he caused it to be placed by his bedside, where it continued till his death.

Queer State of Affairs.

Mrs. O'Brien—Phwat medicine did Mike find the best? Mrs. Reilly—Sorrer a know Oi know. He took so much ay it he was sick for tin days after he got well.—Boston Transcript.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

A LUCKY REPORTER.

He Happened to Be on the Spot on Important Occasions.

It requires eternal vigilance for a reporter to log [illegible], leaving not a single chance for escape. It might be further said, however, that the element of luck does creep in now and then, either to a newspaper man's advantage or to his ruin. When Reginald Foster was one of the craft, he became famous as the luckiest of reporters. He was alert, energetic and capable of writing an excellent story when he landed it, but seemed to have a mascot perennial and eternal. Wherever he went he stumbled upon a "beat." He happened to be reporting a St. Patrick's day parade and went into the Windsor hotel to telephone his office when the fateful fire started in that hostelry, resulting in the horrible deaths of a great number of persons. Foster abandoned the parade, and helped rescue the imprisoned patrons of the burning hotel, and that night wrote a graphic account of the fire from start to finish. He was the most available reporter in New York when the great Hoboken fire started, and, hiring a steamer in the name of his newspaper, he saved many lives before the firemen could render aid. When President McKinley was assassinated at Buffalo the first news came to all the papers in New York in the shape of a very brief bulletin. A group of newspaper men simultaneously asked of each other, "Where is Foster?" Somebody explained that he was then on his vacation at Narragansett Pier, but, even while he was speaking, a telegram to the city editor was received and torn open. It read thus: "I was right beside the president when he was shot, having come to Buffalo exposition to close my vacation. Will send full descriptive story tonight." It was Foster.—Hensen Crawford in Success Magazine.

THE MARINE ENGINEER.

Startling Example Showing the Dangers of His Calling.

Of all causes of boiler deterioration, says H. P. Watson in the Engineering Magazine, by far the most numerous are those arising from the presence of scale and its twin sister, incrustation; but broken braces can give an engineer a very bad quarter of an hour. A steamer plying on the great lakes many years ago carried very high steam for those days—fifty pounds per square inch on a very large and light shell. The engineer on watch was down in the fire room looking around when a loud bang came from one of the boilers. Instantly divining the cause, he looked questioningly at the head watch tender, who replied, "He jabers, I hope that ain't next door neighbor to the one that let go on the other watch."

That startled the engineer, for he had not been told of the other broken brace. He at once stopped the blowers, opened the doors, shut the stop valve between boilers and put on the feed-pumps as rapidly as they could go so as to reduce pressure. The deck department was notified that it would be necessary to stop, and they hauled to one side of the channel and waited for the coming up of another boat in the same line passed a few miles back. The passengers (there were 1,000 on board) and mails were transferred, and the boat returned with the injured boiler out of business.

Upon examination the next day it was found that three braces had given way, at or near one another, two letting go simultaneously apparently, and that the precautions taken against a disaster (which would have been terrible if it had occurred) were none too soon. This was merely an episode within the everyday duty of an engineer and carries its own warning.

Jumble of Languages.

There are towns in Hungary, and small towns, too, where from seven to ten idioms are constantly being used. On the Galician frontier there is in a lovely valley the old town of Eperjes. The number of its inhabitants do not exceed 12,000. To this day the good people of Eperjes are in the habit of talking or being talked to in six different languages and several dialects. An ordinary household will include a Slovac manservant, a Hungarian coachman, a German cook and a Polish chambermaid. What is still more remarkable, each grade of society will tenaciously cling to its own language for centuries.

The Bishop and the Senator.

A visiting bishop in Washington was arguing with a senator on the desirability of attending church. At last he put the question squarely, "What is your personal reason for not attending?"

The senator smiled in a no-offense-intended way as he replied, "The fact is, one finds so many hypocrites there."

Returning the smile, the bishop said: "Don't let that keep you away, senator. There's always room for one more."—Philadelphia Post.

Rejected.

"No, Mr. Peuwiggle," said the fair girl to the literary youth who had proposed, "I cannot accept you, but that does not imply"—

"I know what you would say," he interrupted bitterly. "A rejection does not imply any lack of merit, but a number of circumstances render an article unsuitable. It's the old story."—Washington Star.

Help on Both Sides.

Uncle Archibald—It must tire you, Bertha, to talk to your old deaf uncle. Bertha—Oh, just a trifle, dear Uncle Archie. Uncle Archibald—Well—don't say half so much, but say it louder.—Brooklyn Life.

If you don't learn to have before you give, you'll never have anything worth while to give.—"Gumption."

Novelty Restaurant
New York Counts, Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

THREE WAYS TO SUBDUE.

A Story of Buddha and the Trainer of Elephants.

[illegible] tales that have come through the Chinese, who give us most of our Indian records—the rishis were dreamers and not recorders—we have this story of Buddha:

The lord Gautama one day of an elephant [illegible] what were the means he employed to subdue his beasts.

[illegible] answered without, "One applies [illegible] a hook of iron, [illegible] breast clasp, and the elephant [illegible] lift his neck. Then one gives [illegible] and less food till this [illegible] beats."

"And [illegible] accomplish by these means?" asked he of the yellow robe.

The [illegible] refers to overcome the resistance of the beast; the [illegible] of food and drink, the withholding of the [illegible] the stick and hook inspire fear of the will to obey."

[illegible] said:

"[illegible] ways to subdue [illegible] Sometimes I control [illegible] from the mouth; by [illegible] of the body by [illegible] vibration of thought I calm the spirit. Did you ever think of trying those on the elephant?"—Everybody's Magazine.

Defining His Criticism.

"I've been to see Blodgett's life painting, and it's a perfect daub. And yet you said it bordered on the sublime."

"That's the way it struck me, old man. It is inclosed in one of the most magnificent frames I ever saw."—Modern Society.

Strangers.

Mrs. de Fashion (at a children's party)—Marie! Nursegirl—Yes, ma'am. Mrs. de Fashion—It's time for us to go home. Which of these children is mine?—Home Chat.

Official Directory

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Wm. H. Berry.
Auditor-General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—J. O. Brown.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bond, n, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. H. Hinsor, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Marsh, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campbell, Kane; J. M. McElroy, Bradford.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Mitchell, Smethport.
Prothonotary—E. Bolt, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—S. D. Weaver, Smethport.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; S. A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Llewllyn, Bradford.
County Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; C. W. Freeman, Smethport; W. I. Oviatt, East Smethport.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Jean Hyde, secretary; Alfred Hagberg, Jas. McKeon, A. A. Abbey, J. F. Rooney, James Herriman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Kropp, R. C. Virgin.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; J. N. Apple, treas.; Sheridan Horton, sec'y, W. F. Specht, C. M. Colegrove, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Clisbee, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Lydic.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m, at Masonic Hall, Main street.
HORACE H. REDFIELD, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 459, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
E. W. STILSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month, in I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. H. CLEVELAND, Chief Patriarch.
G. B. BARBER, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 3 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.
H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.
MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.
Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.
A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.
MOLLIE E. PIERCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDEN, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.
JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. Chapel.
MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
CLARA BURLINGAME Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.
MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ELLA MOORHOUSE, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. E. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Hartis, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 p. m.; preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday school at 11:45 a. m.; Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:00 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saints' Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—W. A. Day, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 4:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Pennsylvania
RAILROAD
Time Table—Taking effect Jan. 1, 1905
TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.
For Clermont, Johnsonburg, Erie, Ridgway, Falls Creek and Pittsburg 10:40 a m week days.
For Larabee, Olean, East Aurora and Buffalo 4:03 p m week days.
W. W. ATTERBURY, General Manager.
J. R. WOOD, Pass. Traffic Mgr.
GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

KUSHEQUA ROUTE
Trains Leave Smethport at
7:40 a m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K, and Punxsutawney via B R & P
9:25 p m for Bradford via B R & P
11:25 a m for Bradford via B. B. & K. and Pittsburg via B R & P
2:25 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & K and Buffalo B R & P
4:40 p m for Bradford and Kane via B R & P and DuBois via B R & K
5:47 p m for Bradford via B R & P
Trains arrive at Smethport at
8:45 a m from Bradford and Kane.
10:25 a m from DuBois.
12:45 p m from Buffalo and Kane.
3:35 p m from Bradford and Pittsburg
8:45 p m from Bradford.
9:45 p m from Punxsutawney and Kane.
C. H. G. EASON, Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.
Time table in Effect April 2nd, 1905, Eastern Time.
Trains leave Smethport via Kushequa Route daily except Sunday at 7:30 a. m., 12:00 a. m. and 5:15 p. m.

	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Arrive.			
Bradford	8:20	1:50	6:15
Mt. Jewett	8:45	2:35	6:55
Kane	9:25	2:55	7:55
Leave.	a. m.	p. m.	p. m.
Bradford	7:30		4:35
Kane	7:30	10:15	4:30
Mt. Jewett	7:30	11:26	5:05
	a. m.		
Arriving at Smethport at 8:30 a. m. and 6:40 p. m.		12:35	7:03 p

Connections at Bradford with Erie, B. R. & P. Ry. and Penna. Ry. and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. and Penna. R. R.
A. B. CAMPBELL, Gen'l. Supt.
R. S. BELLIS, Gen. Pass. Agt.
Bradford.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern
Effective Nov. 30, 1905
MAIN LINE.

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	A M
5:25	3:14	10:45	Hornellsville	10:30	5 50	
5:30	3:20		Arkport	9:25	5:43	
			Bovee			
6:47	5:36		Hornellsville Jc	9:14	5:37	
6:54	5:32		Canisteo	9:07	5:30	
6:59	5:48		Garwoods	8:02	5:25	
7:10	5:56		Swains	8:48	5:10	
7:18	6:17		Lindley	8:39	4:57	
7:55	6:39		Arcadia	8:05	4:33	
8:22	10:		Friendship	7:37	4:05	
8:54	10:45		Bolivar	7:05	3:33	
5:40	11:36		Olean		2:32	10:23
6:27			Eldred			9:38
6:50			Larabee			9:28
6:58			Smethport			9:02
8:09			Mt. Jewett			8:16
9:50		6:20	St. Marys		4:50	10:20
		10:07	Shagamu		2:11	
		A10:42	Brockwayville		1:30	

P M	P M	A M		A M	P M	P M
Hornellsville and Wayland Branch.						
1:00	A 11:00	7:00	Wayland	A 10:35	3:02	6:58
3:36	11:06	7:25	Perkinsville	10:29	2:56	6:52
3:43	11:13	7:32	Rogersville	10:22	2:49	6:45
3:47	11:17	7:36	Stony Brook Glen	10:18	2:45	6:41
4:00	11:30	7:49	Hornellsville Jc	10:06	2:33	6:29
			Bovee			
4:11	11:41	7:59	Arkport	9:51	2:21	6:17
4:22	11:52	8:08	A Hornellsville	10:41	2:10	6:04
P M	A M	A M		A M	P M	P M

All trains daily, except Sunday.
L—leave; A—arrive; f—trains stop on signal or notice to conductor.
A. M. LANE, General Supt.
O. J. RENWICK, Gen. Pass. Agt.
St. Marys, Pa.

OUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY
Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward			STATIONS.	Lv Westward		
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Ar. Dp	A.M.	P.M.	A.M
8.05	7.18	2.10	Ulysses	7.20	2.25	9.10
7.50	6.53	2.10	Crowell	7.27	2.32	9.10
7.46	"	1.57	Carpenter	"	2.34	"
7.40	6.48	1.53	Perkins	7.32	2.37	9.20
7.37	6.45	1.50	New'd June	7.37	2.42	9.32
"	"	1.45	Newfield	7.41	2.40	"
7.05	6.36	1.41	Gold	7.44	2.49	9.47
7.00	6.30	1.35	Raymond	7.49	2.45	9.47
6.45	6.21	1.24	Seven Bdg's	8.01	3.06	10.02
6.40	6.17	1.20	Colesburg	8.04	3.09	10.10
6.25	6.10	1.12	Frinks	8.12	3.17	10.20
6.15	"	1.05	N. Couds'pt	"	3.26	10.35
5.10	6.00	1.00	Dp. Ar.	8.25	3.30	10.45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M
4.20	7.45	12.15	Ar. Dp.	8.28	6.00	1.20
"	7	12.13	Hammond	"	"	"
4.05	7.38	12.09	Olmsted	8.33	6.05	1.31
3.59	7.35	12.05	Mina	8.37	6.10	1.37
3.45	"	11.59	Knowlton	"	6.17	"
3.40	7.25	11.55	Roulette	8.47	6.21	1.51
3.30	7.16	11.47	Burtville	8.54	6.28	2.01
3.25	"	11.42	Coleman	"	6.34	"
3.20	"	"	Chem. Works	"	"	"
3.15	7.05	11.36	Pt. Allegany	9.08	6.40	2.25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

"—Trains do not stop.
Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R. at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.
Trains run on eastern standard time.
B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

THE NEW YORK WORLD
THRICE-A-WEEK EDITION.
Almost a Daily at the Price of a Weekly.
The Presidential campaign is over but the world goes on just the same and it full of news, just as it is—promptly and impartially—all that you have to do is to look in the columns of the Thrice-a Week Edition of the New York World which comes to the subscriber 156 times a year.
The Thrice-a-Week World's diligence as a publisher of first news has given it circulation where the English language is spoken—and you want it.
The Thrice-a-Week World's regular subscription price is only $1.00 per year. We offer this unequalled newspaper and the MINER together one year for $1.65
The regular subscription price of the World is one dollar.

BALLINGTON'S CANINE PARADOX

By Angus MacEwan

Copyright, 1905, by Mer bert, Phillips & Co.

It was characteristic of Ballington that he accepted even his dismissal as Katherine Gordon's suitor placidly and with a due regard for the proprieties. His voice was cool and even and shaded to the exact note of regret that a well bred man should permit himself. As Katherine told herself afterward, it was like a John Drew matinee.

And if Ballington showed no outward emotion it was not because he did not care for the girl whose dashing ways were his exact opposite; neither did he give up hope. Under that carefully groomed exterior there lay a bulldog tenacity of purpose that few suspected, least of all Kittie Gordon.

He slept on at the Bruntons' house party, and even Dickie Himes lost sleep wondering whether Kittie really had given him his answer, so correctly polite was he in his attentions to her, for which Kittie was devoutly thankful, since Mrs. Brunton had given positive orders that she marry Ballington, and Mrs. Brunton's word was law unto itself.

It was her disobedience which brought about the crisis, for when Ballington left there had been an inquisition and Kittie, with a fine show of spirit, had flounced out of the room, declaring that she would return to her studio and freedom rather than eat of the dishpan as a slave, and the disappointed Mrs. Brunton had ordered the carriage around and had taken to bed with a sick headache over the miscarriage of her pet plan for her niece.

So it happened that Kittie in her impetuosity did not realize that she was without money until she approached the ticket window at the tiny station. With a gasp she turned away from the window and sat down on one of the hard benches to think over the situation.

Town was 150 miles away, so that walking was out of the question. There was no one she could write to to send her money, and she would die rather than go back to her aunt's house and ask for her fare. Her brain was still in a whirl when Harding Ballington came slowly into the waiting room.

With a cry she had crossed to him, and in another second was pouring out

SHE HID HER MOIST EYES IN THE DOG'S SHAGGY COAT.

her tale—a trifle incoherently, but in sufficient detail to enable Ballington to surmise what the matter was.

"That will be a very easy matter," he declared. "I'm going up to town myself and shall be glad to escort you."

"What are you doing here, anyway?" she asked curiously. "I thought you had gone away last week."

"Fred Cousins and I were back in the woods for a little shooting," he explained. "We came out yesterday, and I stayed over to see the county fair. Do you know I never saw a county fair before?"

"I'm glad you stayed to see it," she smiled. "Just suppose you had not come along. I should have been stranded here."

"As it is," he laughed back, "I think I had better be getting the tickets."

He reached for his pocketbook, but withdrew his hand, empty, and made a rapid search of his other pockets, finally turning with a look of blank dismay.

"Do you know," he exclaimed, "that my pockets have been picked? I have some small change, less than $2, but not enough even for your ticket. I will have to telephone the Bruntons."

"You will not," she begged. "To have Aunt Emma saying all sorts of horrid things?"

"I might report my loss to the town constable," he suggested. "He may find it in time for us to catch the train. I might offer my watch as a pledge for the tickets, only they took that too."

"Don't you know any one else about here?" she pleaded. "Some one you could borrow from?" Ballington shook his head.

"The best I can suggest," he said, "would be to wire for some money."

"But that would not come in time for the train," she objected. "I never could stay in this town all night."

"Why not the Bruntons?" he pleaded. "They seem to be our only quick salvation."

"If you suggest that again I shall never speak to you," she scolded. "She would be sure to find out, and I'd die before I let her know."

"I might put the dog in pawn," he suggested whimsically. "Poor Bruce is about all the light fingered gentry left me."

He regarded the ragged little fellow with affectionate interest. The dog had been his dead brother's pet, and, while his rough coat gave him a shockingly disreputable appearance, Bruce was clever beyond the run of dogs.

During his brother's last illness Ballington had taught the dog a score of clever tricks for the invalid's amusement, and Bruce was proud of his accomplishments. Feeling that he was being made the subject of the conversation, the little fellow gravely turned a somersault and sat up on his haunches. For a moment Ballington regarded his pet's accomplishment with speculative eye.

"Do you mind if I leave you a little while?" he asked.

"You are not going to the Bruntons?" she demanded suspiciously.

"My word of honor," he said simply. "May I suggest that you get yourself a cup of tea at the hotel?" He placed some coins in her hand and with a bow strolled out of the station.

It was difficult to get anything at the hotel with the fair goers invading the place, but at last she succeeded in getting a light lunch and started back to the station.

The special excursion trains were pulling out of the station now, and the platform was crowded with tired pleasure seekers. Off at one side a large crowd had gathered, and, finding that Ballington was not in the station, she strolled over to see what the attraction might be.

With a gasp she saw that Ballington was putting Bruce through his tricks for the edification of the crowd, and with a sudden rush of anger she wondered if he had been drinking. Then with a revulsion of feeling she saw him gravely remove his hat and pass it around the crowd. Most of them melted away, but many of them stopped to drop a coin in the hat and pet the dog. At last they were all gone, and with a flushed face she was looking straight into Ballington's laughing eyes.

"I've got enough for the fares and the Pullman seats," he said as he came toward her. "Behold Bruce, the rescuer of damsels in distress."

She caught the dog up in her arms and hid her moist eyes in his shaggy coat. Slowly she turned toward the station, but Ballington laid a hand upon her arm.

"I would suggest," he said, "that since our train is not due for an hour yet and as these excursion trains will be out of the way by then it might prove less embarrassing to you if you waited until they were gone. They might recognize your traveling companion."

"And to think I might have spared you this if I had let you telephone the Bruntons," she said penitently. Ballington laughed.

"Do you know I rather enjoyed it?" he confessed. "I think Bruce did too. He shall have his reward tonight in the best chicken to be had in the market."

"And you?" she asked.

"I shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we have fooled Mrs. Brunton," he laughed carelessly.

She held out her hand. "I refused you the other day because I was afraid you were too dandified to be human," she said softly. "I know better now. Will you ask me again?"

But there was no need to ask. Eyes spoke to eyes, and each knew the other's message.

Famous Old City of Mexico.

The City of Mexico is the political, social, industrial and financial capital of the republic. Set within the tropics at an elevation of 7,347 feet above the sea, surrounded by cloud piercing mountains and snow capped volcanoes, it is singularly exempt from sudden changes of temperature—too high for heat and too far south for cold. It is probably the oldest city of the Americas. Here the first printing press was set up and the first newspaper published nearly 100 years before the pilgrims landed at Plymouth rock. The municipal government of the city has gone on under almost identical form for three centuries and a half. While viceroys, emperors, dictators and presidents have come and gone, Indians, Spaniards, French and Americans have fought and struggled in and about the city.

"Among the most beautiful terrestrial scenes that it is possible for the human eye to contemplate," says a celebrated writer, "few equal and probably none surpass that of the valley of Mexico viewed from the neighboring heights surrounding it."—Modern Mexico.

Had a Grip of the Subject.

A tall old lady, dressed in black and with a very businesslike manner, walked into a well known London establishment and, declining the service of the shop walker, made directly for the crape counter. She had rather a thoughtful air as she examined the stock, and the obliging young shopman remarked affably:

"We have a very large stock of crapes, madam. Just allow me to show you some new French goods, very popular just now for every kind of mourning. Now, these light crapes are all the rage for half mourning for cousins. May—may I ask, madam," he added hesitatingly, "for whom you are in mourning?"

"Husband," said the customer briefly.

"Ah, yes. Then I have just the material you require. The best style is"—

"Young man," interposed the old lady severely, "I am much obliged for your explanation. You may know a lot about the fashion, but as I buried my fourth husband yesterday you may be sure I've got a grip of the subject."—London Tit-Bits.

CHOCOLATE.

It Was a Luxury In This Country In the Eighteenth Century.

The first newspaper notice that announced the sale of cocoa and chocolate in America read:

"Amos Trask, at his house a little below the Bell tavern in Danvers, makes and sells chocolate which he will warrant to be good and takes cocoa to grind. Those who may please to favor him with their custom may depend upon being well served, and at a very cheap rate."

This notice appeared in the Essex Gazette of Massachusetts on the 18th of June, 1771, five years before the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Despite Mr. Trask's assurance that his rate was cheap, chocolate was very expensive and beyond the purse of any but the wealthy folk. Wouldn't they be surprised to see how generally chocolate is sold these days in packages at 5 cents a penny?

When the Spanish soldier Cortes conquered Mexico in 1519 he found the people very fond of a drink called "chocolatl." This was served to the ruler Montezuma in a cup of solid gold. When the Spaniards went home they introduced this drink into their country, but it remained very expensive. The secret of its preparation was never allowed to get out of Spain. Now it is the cheapest article of food and drink we have.

VARIETY IN CHEWING.

Gum and Tobacco Are Not the Only Materials Utilized.

Gum chicle, which forms the basis of most American chewing gums, is by no means the only chewing material, though chewing gum has spread over a large portion of the world.

Among the old fashioned the gum of the spruce tree is still in greater favor, and druggists near the great spruce belts drive a thriving trade in the brown lumps.

Although the chicle comes from the tropics, it is seldom used as a chewing gum there, uncured rubber being the fashion. In Peru "ceuca," or cocoa leaves, form the staple chew, the plant being a powerful stimulant, since from its leaves cocaine is extracted. In the east the betel nut is chewed in preference, the nut being prepared with lime. To it might be accorded the place of first prominence, since because of the congestion of population practically one-tenth of the human race give it their preference.

One of the oldest chews is the leaden bullet which the English soldier used to chew before the introduction of the jacketed bullets now in use. They declared that it lessened their thirst and to some extent deadened their hunger on long marches.

And then there is tobacco.

ODD THINGS ABOUT WORDS.

When the Word "Lunch" Was First Used It Meant a "Lump."

A "lunch," etymologically, is just a lump. In the sixteenth century a "lunch of bacon" meant merely a slice or hunk of it. So Burns speaks of bread and cheese "dealt about in lunches," and Scott records that "little Benjie was ramming a huge luncheon of pie crust into his mouth." While in modern times "lunch" is an abbreviation from "luncheon," the latter was originally an elongation of "lunch." A philologist shows how the old "noon shenk," noon drink, came to mean noon eating, and to appear as "nunsheon," and the development thereafter of "luncheon" from "lunch" was very natural.

Curious changes of words sometimes take place between two languages. Thus English has borrowed the French "poseur" and has given to France "snob" in trade. Frenchmen have a way of taking a polysyllable word and using half of it. Thus of "steeplechase they have appropriated the "steeple," and now the French sportsman speaks of "mounting a steeple" when he means to ride a race over the customary obstacles. A smoking jacket is with him a "smoking" and a sleeping car is a "sleeping."

Inspired a Noble Poem.

It was the daguerreotypist Hesler of Chicago who inspired Longfellow to write "Hiawatha." Mr. Hesler was one of the most eminent of his profession, and in 1851 the London world's fair awarded him the prize medal for daguerreotypes. One of them, a picture of the falls of Minnehaha, came into the poet's possession and furnished immediate inspiration for the poem. In testimony of his debt to Mr. Hesler Longfellow sent him a bound volume of his poems with his signature and compliments on the fly leaf.

The Herring.

Deep sea denizens of the northern waters are all remarkable for their migratory habits, the herring especially so. These fish approach the Newfoundland littoral to spawn and then are captured in great quantities, but this is only during a few months every year, while for the remainder they withdraw to some wafers the location of which has never been determined.

A Great Sinner.

The Doctor—Yes; that's the sort of man Bejings is. The neighbors say he cheats the gas company by tapping a pipe in his basement, and he lies about the ages of his children to keep from having to send them to school. The Professor—Then he sins against both light and knowledge.—Chicago Tribune.

The Art of Pleasing.

The secret of many a man's success is an affable manner, which makes everybody feel easy in his presence, dispels fear and timidity and calls out the finest qualities in one's nature.—Success Magazine.

Lady Moon

By A. M. DAVIES OGDEN

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Outside the stately old mansion the press of carriages was growing almost unmanageable. Within the ripple of soft laughter and waving of many fans, the glitter and glow of diamonds bespoke the fact that Lady Cheynemore had thrown open Little Barrington House for the celebrated tableaux of which all London had been talking for the week past.

The greatest beauties of the season were to pose, well known artists had consented to arrange and direct their lovely models, and "everybody" was there.

Near the door a little out of the crush, Nigel Anstruther stood and looked about him with the eyes of the man to whom London sights have been strange for the last six years. He was a little amused and a little bored. Society functions were not much in his line. Just back from India on leave, he had run up to town to see one or two old friends and Honoria Derwentwater, having no spare moment to grant him from her other guests, had suggested his coming on to Lady Cheynemore's.

It was rather a nuisance, but he wanted to get back to the country next morning if possible. And, after all, the color, the lights, the pretty women, were not so bad. Presently he must find Honoria and ask the question that this afternoon's crowd had rendered impossible to put. It was expected of him, he supposed. His people had always hoped for it. And then all at once, by a sudden freak of the imagination, as he glanced about for the fair English face there rose before him the laughing, mischievous eyes of the little American girl who had teased, bewildered and thoroughly enchanted him during those few brief weeks in Simla. Where was she now?

Involuntarily his thoughts wandered back to the day when he had seen her first, daintily and sweet in fluffy white, sitting under a marquee at the viceroy's reception. She seemed such a little thing that he started in surprise when she complained of being unable to secure a really good riding horse. The hands she held out for inspection were absurdly small. Still doubtful, he had yet managed to get for her the best woman's mount to be had in Simla. But the first minute she was up his misgivings vanished. She certainly could ride.

After that every day they were out together exploring the hills, trotting gayly over the smooth, hard roads. Mrs. Wharton, only too glad that Ethel had found some one to go with her, consenting willingly. And every day Anstruther's admiration deepened. If there was one thing he approved most it was a good seat.

The girl's father was dead, and she and her mother, a frail but indomitable spirited woman, were leisurely seeing the world. After stifling in Bombay, they had run up to Simla for the breezes and lingered on, pleased with the queer little town and the Anglo-Indian life. It was quite gay at that season. Simla was full, and every day there were dinners, luncheons, teas and picnics.

Would Anstruther ever forget the moonlight picnic he gave? The night had been glorious. Under the soft glow of an Indian moon the hills lay mistily radiant, every leaf on the deodars seeming to stand out with vivid life. Ethel Wharton and Anstruther with several others had gone on horseback, the rest of the party in rickshaws with coolies to carry the provisions. The picnic had been a great success. And then came the ride home. By a mutual though unspoken impulse Anstruther and Ethel had dropped back of the others. Both were conscious of a certain exaltation of mood, a vague excitement due to the influence of the moon—perhaps. Gradually their talk, at first animated and quick, slackened to monosyllables and at last died away.

For several moments they rode on in silence; then, as if oppressed by the stillness, the girl began to sing. To music of her own she had set some words by George MacDonald: "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? Over the sea. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving? All who love me."

Anstruther, listening, was aware of a sudden pang. Was she going over the sea? Would she be going home?

"Lady Moon," he began unsteadily. "Ah, that is you—so white, so fair, so perfect! And you, too, will pass from us! What shall we do without your light?"

The girl glanced at him quickly. "Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?" she hummed. Anstruther, his heart suddenly beating fast, leaned forward.

"Do you mean that?" he demanded tensely. "Do you love those who love you? For you know that I, Ethel"—as something in the girl's face made his pulses leap. But, the great crimson waves flooding up over brow and cheek, she touched her horse smartly.

"Come," she said breathlessly, "I'll race you home."

Anstruther went back that night to his quarters, a glad exultation tingling through every vein. She cared, he was sure she cared.

And then the sight of a long, official looking envelope on his table for a moment drove every other thought from his mind. His orders were to report at once. There had been a sharp uprising in the hills. He must take his regiment out without delay, nor could he [illegible] how long his absence might be. W[illegible] time to write a few necessa[illegible] and scratch a hu[illegible] to Miss Wharton he was on[illegible] ver, returning, three, by [illegible] and c[illegible] the first thing to m[illegible] his eyes was the note still lying wh[illegible] the boy had left it. And Miss Wharton and her mother were gone. Ten days ago they had left, he was told. There was no clew by which to follow them; no one knew whither they had departed.

Anstruther, torturing himself with vain imaginings as to what she must have thought of him, nearly went mad. He could hardly sleep. The man grew nervous, irritable, until even the colonel noticed it and recommended a trip home. As a consequence Anstruther now stood in Lady Cheynemore's drawing room and, indifferent to what became of him, waited to ask Honoria Derwentwater to be his wife. "After all he had always known Honoria. Probably they would get on as well as most married couples. And the dad would be pleased.

There was a sudden ripple of talk at his side. "There is the next. What, you have not met her yet? My dear, she is the beauty this season. Just wait and you will see."

Anstruther listened with his tolerant smile. He must try to reach Honoria. But as he stirred all at once the lights were lowered, and he, perforce, waited. Well, he could wait until the tableau was over. A faint curiosity, too, was awakened by what he caught from his neighbors. Who was this new beauty? And then he started violently. From the piano came a few bars of prelude oddly familiar. The curtain rose, and the picture stood revealed. In the quick murmur of applause Anstruther's sharp exclamation escaped unnoticed. There, infolded in long, clinging draperies, her lovely hair unbound, one arm thrown negligently up behind the small head, rested his lady, a huge silver crescent seeming to bear her through trackless space. Her face was lifted. Her eyes gazed wistfully into the distance.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?" sang the famous soprano, but Anstruther hardly heard. His breath was coming with difficulty; his heart was pounding. So she had not forgotten! Lady Moon, oh, Lady Moon!

As the curtain dropped he turned to the man next him, whom luckily he chanced to have met.

"It—it is Miss Wharton, is it not?" he asked, and as the other nodded a quick gratitude welled up within him. Thank heaven, he was not too late! "Won't you take me back?" he demanded. "It is all right," in answer to a look of surprise. "We—we are old friends. I used to know her in India, and—and there is something I ought to tell her."

The Diplomatic Clerk.

"Henry, you haven't a room left, have you?" inquired a New York druggist of his friend of many years' standing on the other side of the counter of the Chicago hotel.

"Not one," replied Henry, "but I'll look over the rack again and see if I can't find you a place somewhere."

"All right," said the New Yorker while his friend gave the slips his anxious attention. Light broke over his face in a moment, and he came back.

"A man up on the parlor floor gave up his room about an hour ago, but he didn't expect to leave it quite so soon. I'll send up and see if I can't hurry him a little."

The porter's bell was rung, a whispered colloquy took place between Henry and that blue shirted functionary, and in fifteen minutes the man from New York was rejoicing in one of "the best rooms in the house."

But the clerk omitted to inform him that the previous occupant had given up his room at the precise moment when he had given up his life.

Origin of Two Tavern Terms.

The term "entire," so often seen over inns and taverns in England and not always understood by the passersby, is said to have first been used about 1722. Prior to that date the malt liquors in general use were ale, beer and "twopenny." It was usual for tavern customers to call for a pint or tankard of half and half—that is, half the ale and half beer, half ale and half twopenny or half beer and half twopenny. In course of time it became customary to call for a tankard of "three threads," meaning a third of ale, beer and twopenny. To save publicans the trouble and waste of turning three taps for one pint of liquor a brewer named Harwood conceived the idea of making a beverage which should unite the flavors of all three drinks. He called his production "entire," or "entire butt beer." As it was considered suitable for porters and other working people, it is said to have obtained the further name of "porter."—London News.

Conkling and Thurman.

Senator Roscoe Conkling was once addressing the senate in an impassioned manner and seemed to direct his remarks to Senator Thurman. At length the latter got irritated.

"Does the senator from New York," he roared, "expect me to answer him every time he turns to me?"

For a moment Mr. Conkling hesitated, and everybody expected a terrific explosion. Then, with an air of exquisite courtesy, he replied:

"When I speak of the law I turn to the senator from Ohio as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca. I turn to him as I do to the English common law as the world's most copious fountain of human jurisprudence."

The usually decorous senate broke into a storm of applause, and the Thurman eye moistened a little. The two statesmen were the best of friends and greatly enjoyed each other's society when "off duty."

LINCOLN THE ATHLETE.

How the Youth's Bodily Vigor Stood Him in Good Stead.

Young Lincoln's bodily vigor stood him in good stead in many ways. In frontier life strength and athletic skill served as well for popular amusement as for prosaic toil, and at times, indeed, they were needed for personal defense. Every community had its champion wrestler, a man of considerable local importance, in whose success the neighbors took a becoming interest. There was not far from New Salem a settlement called Clary's Grove, where lived a set of restless, rollicking young backwoodsmen with a strong liking for frontier athletics and rough practical jokes. Jack Armstrong was the leader of these and until Lincoln's arrival had been the champion wrestler of both Clary's Grove and New Salem. He and his friends had not the slightest personal grudge against Lincoln, but hearing the neighborhood talk about the newcomer and especially Offutt's extravagant praise of his clerk, who, according to Offutt's statement, knew more than any one else in the United States and could beat the whole country at running, jumping or "wrestling," they decided that the time had come to assert themselves and strove to bring about a trial of strength between Armstrong and Lincoln. Lincoln, who disapproved of all this "wrestling and pulling," as he called it, and had no desire to come to blows with his neighbors, put off the encounter as long as possible. At length even his good temper was powerless to avert it, and the wrestling match took place. Jack Armstrong soon found that he had tackled a man as strong and skillful as himself, and his friends, seeing him likely to get the worst of it, swarmed to his assistance, almost succeeding, by tripping and kicking, in getting Lincoln down. At the unfairness of this Lincoln became suddenly and furiously angry, put forth his entire strength, lifted the pride of Clary's Grove in his arms like a child and, holding him high in the air, almost choked the life out of him. It seemed for a moment as though a general fight must follow; but even while Lincoln's fierce rage compelled their respect his quickly returning self control won their admiration and the crisis was safely passed.

Instead of becoming enemies and leaders in a neighborhood feud, as might have been expected, the two grew to be warm friends, the affection thus strangely begun lasting through life. They proved useful to each other in various ways, and years afterward Lincoln made ample amends for his rough treatment of the other's throat by saving the neck of Jack Armstrong's son from the halter in a memorable trial for murder. The Clary's Grove "boys" voted Lincoln "the cleverest fellow that ever broke into the settlement," and thereafter took as much pride in his peaceableness and book learning as they did in the rougher and more questionable accomplishments of their discomfited leader.—Helen Nicolay in St. Nicholas.

Immaterial.

Aunt Hepsy was in ecstasies over the young lady her nephew, Ike, was going to marry. "I never saw her till last week," she said, "but I fell in love with her at first sight myself. She's good, sweet, amiable and as pretty as a picture."

"What's her name?" asked the listeners.

"Maria."

"Maria *what?*"

Aunt Hepsy wrinkled her forehead, pursed up her lips, looked at the ceiling and gave it up.

"I declare, I can't think of her other name."

The general laugh that followed this confession nettled Aunt Hepsy.

"What's the difference about her last name anyway?" she said explosively. "It's only temporary. She's going to change it!"—Youth's Companion.

Old Time Astronomers.

Kepler, the astronomer of the seventeenth century, explained rather quaintly why so many mediæval astronomers were obliged to dabble in the occult sciences. "Ye overwise philosophers," he wrote to his "Tertius Interveniens," "ye censure this daughter of astronomy beyond her deserts. Know ye not that she must support her mother by her charms? The scanty reward of an astronomer would not provide him with bread, if men did not entertain hopes of reading the future in the heavens."

Mr. Spurgeon as a Smoker.

The Rev. W. Williams in his "Personal Reminiscences of C. H. Spurgeon" tells an anecdote concerning the great preacher as a smoker. Some gentleman wrote to Mr. Spurgeon, saying he had heard he smoked and could not believe it true. Would Mr. Spurgeon write and tell him if it really was so? The reply sent was as follows: "Dear ——, I cultivate my flowers and burn my weeds. Yours truly, C. H. Spurgeon."

But He Wouldn't Tell.

Gaybol—I had the brilliest chance to kiss another fellow's girl in the dark the other night. What would you have done under the circumstances?

Rounder—I would have kissed her, sure. What did you do?

Gaybol—Well, I won't say what I did, but I'm glad you approve my course of action.—Judge.

The Verdict.

"Did the jury find the prisoner guilty?" inquired a man concerning a burglar.

"No, sir," responded the policeman. "They didn't find him at all. He got away."

What makes life dreary is the want of a motive.—George Eliot.

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All kinds of Dress Goods in Black, Indigo Blue, Silver and Grays, and all kinds of Prints at unheard of prices.

Handkerchiefs for Men, Women and Children from 1c up to 21c.

Ladies and Misses Hose from 7c up to 19c.

Ladies Skirts from 98c up to $3.98.

Ladies Wrappers, worth from $1.25, $1.50, $2.25, must go for 79c, 98c and $1.29.

Fascinators or Shawls 21c to 47c.

Woolen Dress Goods from 24c up to 48c.

Ladies Night Gowns from 59c to 87c.

Petticoats 39c to 97c.

Childrens Dresses 21c to 89c.

Ladies and Misses Shoes, 79c 97c, $1.19, $1.48, $1.98, $2.69.

Blankets, 48c to 79c.

Comforts from 69c to $2.48.

Carpets, Ingrain carpets, 29c and 33c per yd.

Linoleums and Oil Cloths, 41c and 26c per yd.

Table Oil Cloth, 15c to 19c a yd.

Childrens Blouse Suits 39c; Boys Knee Pants 13c to 69c; Boys Suits 69c, $1.69 and $2.98.

Mens Suits $1.48, $2.48, $3.98, $5.98, $7.98, $9.98, $10.98; Mens Overcoats $2.98, $4.98, $6.48; Mens Pants 69c, $1.48, $2.29, $2.98; Mens Hats and Caps from 5c to $1.97.

Mens and Boys Sweaters 29c, 49c and 67c.

Mens Work Shirts 19c, 39c 48c.

Men's Shoes 98c, $1.19, $1.48, $2.39.

Lumberman's Rubber Shoes, Boots, Felt Boots and Arctics, Boys Shoes 89c to $2.14; Infants Shoes 21c to 41c.

Umbrellas from 33c to $1.69.

Jewelry, Crockery, Grceeries, Hardware, Tinware, Glassware, Lamps, Flour, Feed and thousands of other articles, which are too numerous to mention.

Railroad fare paid to every purchaser of $25 or over. Remember the date and look for the big red canvas signs.

SHERIFF'S SALES.

BY VIRTUE OF SUNDRY WRITS OF FIERI Facias, Levarii Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias, Pluries Fieri Facias, issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, Pa., and to me directed, I will expose at public sale in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 26, 1900,

at 1 p. m., the following several pieces of property:

1.

All the defendant's interest in and to the following described piece or parcel of land, situate lying and being in the Township of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a beech at the southwest corner of lot numbered 453; thence east sixteen rods to a post, such post being ninety-six rods west from the northwest corner of lands of Wm. Baker; thence south by line at right angles with first mentioned line one hundred and two rods to the south line of lands of Wm Baker; thence west by a line parallel with first mentioned line sixteen rods, to a post and stones, the southwest corner of lot numbered 480; thence north one hundred two rods to place of beginning. Containing ten and one-fifth acres be the same more or less and being off from the west side of a larger tract heretofore conveyed by Dan'l. Kingsbury and wife to William Baker by deed dated June 25, 1861, recorded among the records of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book, Vol. 1, on page 222, etc., and being part of the same land conveyed by William Baker and wife to Charles H. Winters by Deed dated July 12, 1901, and recorded in the office of the Recorder of Deeds of McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book Vol No 120 at page 288, etc.

Improved and having thereon, one, one-story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings. Partly improved.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of Charles H. Winters at the suit of Augusta W. Wood.

Gorton & Richmond, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

2.

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece or parcel of land situate in the City of Bradford, County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, to-wit: Beginning at a post marking the north west corner of lot No. 103 of Bayne Annis and Kennedy's addition as surveyed by George E. Keith, surveyor, June 1875, said post being distant (100) feet on a course north from the northeast corner of Annis and Bishop streets; thence easterly and parallel with Annis street seventy-five (75) feet to a post in the east line of said Bishop street; thence southerly along the east line of said Bishop street twenty-five (25) feet to the place of beginning.

Improved and having thereon erected a two story frame dwelling house and usual outbuildings.

Seized, taken in execution and will be sold as the property of David J. Kelly at the suit of Mrs. L. R. Currie, now for use of J. S. Black & M. Sullivan and John N. Apple, Plaintiff's Attorneys.

3.

Defendants' interest in all those certain pieces and parcels of land and interests in pieces and parcels of land situate in Wetmore Township, McKean County, State of Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, viz: "Beginning at the northeast corner of lot Number three hundred and eighty and running thence west along the north line of said lot to the northwest corner thereof; thence south by the west line of said lot, thirty seven rods and five links; thence east by a line parallel with said north line to a post in the east line of lot No. 380; thence north along said easterly line to the place of beginning, containing fifty acres of land more or less.

Also, of and in all the oil, gas, salt or minerals that may be under or upon that piece or parcel of land, part of said lot number three hundred and eighty, described as follows, viz: Beginning at a point in the east line of said lot, 1210 feet north from the southeast corner of said lot and running thence north along said east line to the southwest corner of land above described; thence west by a line parallel with the north line of said lot to the west line thereof; thence by said west line to a point 1210 feet north from the southwest corner of said lot; thence east by a line parallel with the south line of said lot to the place of beginning, containing eighty acres of land more or less.

Also, of and in the oil and minerals contained in that piece or parcel of land, situate in the Township, County and State aforesaid, and known and designated upon the general map of said County of McKean as sub-division number three hundred and eighty-one in Warrant No. 2389, containing 225 acres of land more or less.

Also, of and in all the oil and minerals that may be in, under or upon that other certain piece or parcel of land situate in the County and Township aforesaid, bounded and described as follows viz: Beginning at a post the northwest corner of sub-division No. 421 and running thence north eighty-nine degrees and thirty minutes east, thirty-six and three-tenths rods to a post; thence south thirty minutes east eighty-two rods more or less to a post; thence south eighty-nine degrees and thirty minutes west thirty-six and three-tenths rods to a post; thence north thirty minutes west eighty-two rods more or less to the place of beginning, containing eighteen and six-tenths acres of land, being part of sub-division number four hundred and twenty-one in Warrant No. 2389.

Also, of and in all that certain leasehold estate created by lease dated June 16, 1886, from Mary E. Sanger, William Sanger and others to Charles Newell, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean County, Pa., in Deed Book No. 96 at page 458, &c., upon that certain tract of land, situate in the Township and county aforesaid in sub-division No. 388 in Warrant No. 2388, bounded and described as follows, viz: On the north by lot No. 380, on the west by lot No. 386, and on the southeast by a line drawn in a northeasterly direction from the northwest corner of land hereinbefore operated by the Kane Oil Company to the northwest corner of land hereinbefore operated by Smith Newell & Co. The said premises being the one half of the northwesterly eighty-five and one-half acres of sub-division No. 388 and containing forty-two & ¾ acres of land, more or less. Excepting and reserving from this conveyance the full equal one-eighth of all the oil, gas, salt and minerals in each and every piece and parcel of land hereinbefore mentioned, and hereby conveyed to the grantee thereof from charges specified in former leases of the same which one eighth thereof former owners of said land and others reserved as royalty but the interest in said lands, oil, gas, salt and mineral rights hereby conveyed, being subject only to the payment of the said eighth royalty, intended to be reserved and excepted from this conveyance. Together with the full and undivided interest in all the oil wells, wood pipe, boilers, engines, oil and gas and water tanks, tubing, casing, pumping outfits, oil, gas and water lines, tools, rope, pipe, fittings, connections, fixtures and appurtenances to each and every of the above described pieces and parcels of land belonging and appertaining. The interest and title of the first party hereinbefore being such as was acquired by deed of Frank A. Hall, dated May 25, 1899, and re orded June 8, 1899, in Deed Book No. 105 at page 49, &c., conveying an undivided ¾ interest therein and by deed of the Fredonia National Bank, &c., conveying an undivided ¼ interest therein, thus putting the whole in the party of the first part, reference being had to said deeds will more fully and at large appear. The deed of the Fredonia National Bank referred to being dated May 29, 1899, and recorded June 6, 1899, in Deed Book No. 105, at page 51, &c., also conveying all my interest in Lot No. 381, 421 and 324 acres in Lot 385, purchased from Frank A. Hall and the Fredonia National Bank of N. Y. aforesaid. It is distinctly understood the parties of the first part do not include in this conveyance the pipe line over and across any of the said land, the same being owned by the Pipe Line Company, together with such pipe line connections from the oil wells to the tanks the same being owned by the Pipe Line Co."

Also, of and in the following leasehold interest in the oil and gas on the following described properties situate in the township of Wetmore, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, being forty acres leased from T. H. Ryan, the same being part of lot or section No. 393; also part of section leased from H. Merrill, containing one hundred and fifty acres and being part of section 383. Also one hundred forty-two and one-half acres leased from Wigman and Trimbles, the same being part of lot section 383. Together with all casing, steam pipes, steam lines, boilers, engines, tanks as well as all property used in and about and in connection with the same. This property is transferred subject to a certain mortgage of fifteen thousand dollars in favor of D. B. Hamlin of Smethport, Pa., said mortgage having been assumed by one John H. Markham and the said parties of the first part are hereby released from all liability in connection with the same.

Also, of and in all the following leasehold interests in the oil and gas on the following described property situate in the Township, county of McKean, Pennsylvania, being forty acres leased from T. H. Ryan, the same being part of lot or section No. 393. Also, part of section leased from I. H. Merrill, containing one hundred and fifty acres the same being part of section No. 383. Also 142½ acres leased from Wigman and Trimbles, the same being part of lot section 383, together with all casing, steam pipes, steam lines, boilers, engines, tanks, as well as all property used in and about and in connection with the same. This property is transferred subject to a certain mortgage of $15,000.00 in favor of D. B. Hamlin of Smethport, Pa., said mortgage being assumed by the said John H. Markham, and the said parties of the first part are hereby released from any and all liability in connection with the same. This deed is made in pursuance of an Article of Agreement between Webster Griffith and John H. Markham dated the fourth day of March, 1901.

Also, of, in and to all that north half of the following all that certain lease and leasehold estate therein described, situate in the township of Wetmore, county of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, described as follows: Being fifteen (15) acres in the northwest corner of lot four hundred twenty-four (424) and being the same premises leased by Michael Murphy to John D. Brooker and E. S. Woodcock by agreement in writing bearing date the eleventh day of July, 1887, and recorded at the office for the recording of deeds, &c., in and for McKean County, Penn'a., in Deed Book Vol. 92, at page 129, &c., being the same lease and leasehold estate conveyed unto W. M. Kincaid by Marcus A. Bettman and David Bettman by indenture dated September 21st 1897, recorded in the Recorder's office in and for McKean county, Penn'a. in Deed Book Vol. 98, page 56, &c. Together with one oil tank of any location on the said land and all and singular the property of every kind and nature to the said well belonging or in any wise appertaining.

Also, of, in and to all the petroleum, coal, rock or carbon oil and gas, and other valuable mineral and volatile substances which may be in, under and upon the tract of land hereinafter described, together with the right to drill for and remove the same, and the right of way over and across said premises for the purpose of operating and drilling for oil or gas, the right to erect and construct buildings, tanks and pipe lines thereon for the storage and transportation of oil and gas, the right to use sufficient ground for the purposes specified as the party of the second part his heirs, executors, administrators and assigns, may deem expedient or necessary, also the right to use timber from the lot to carry on said operations, all and singular that certain tract of land situate, lying and being in the township of Wetmore, county of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, beginning at a post corner the northwest corner of Andrew Lawson's lot; thence south along the line of said lot, forty-three (43) perches to a post; thence east one hundred and six (106) perches to a post; thence north 43½ perches to a post; thence west one hundred and six (106) rods and nine-tenths of a rod to the place of beginning, containing twenty-eight acres and one hundred and sixteen perches and seven-tenths of a perch be the same more or less it being the same tract of land which Peter Safstrom and Sophia, his wife, by deed dated the 2nd day of December A. D. 1885, conveyed to Peter Swanson, record of in the office of the Recorder of Deeds at Smethport, McKean county, and the estate by these presents granted and conveyed being the same granted and conveyed to the said Peter Safstrom and his wife unto R. J. Straight by Deed bearing date the 9th day of Feb. A. D. 1886, and recorded in the office for recording of deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 84 page 149, &c.

Also, of, in and to all the oil and gas in that certain piece of land situate in sub-division No. 384, Warrant No. 2389, Wetmore township, McKean county, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows: Beginning at a post and stones, the centre of said sub-division 384, and the south-east corner of lands now or late of M. & J. Danielson; thence west along the south line of said Danielson lands thirteen rods and one-tenth of a rod (13 1-10) to a post and stones the northeast corner of lands now or late of Peter Safstrom; thence south along the east line of said Safstrom lands and along the east line of lands of Andrew Wood, fifty rods and six-tenths of a rod (50 6-10) to the northwest corner of lands of C. Lincoln and others; thence east along the north line of said Lincoln lands, ninety-three rods and six-tenths of a rod to the northeast corner of said Lincoln lands and the west line of other lands of A. Wood; thence north along said west line of lands of A. Wood about twenty-two rods to a post, the northwest corner of the said lands of A. Wood; thence east along the north line of said A. Wood lands and along the north line of other lands of P. Safstrom about thirty-nine rods and two-tenths of a rod to the northeast corner of said Safstrom lands in the east line of the sub-division 384; thence north along said east line of sub. 384, twenty four rods to a post, the southeast corner of a third piece of land of A. Wood; thence west along the south line of said A. Wood's lands about one hundred and forty-two rods to a post, the southwest corner of said A. Wood's lands; thence north along the west line of said A. Wood's lands five rods and one-tenth of a rod to the place of beginning, containing thirty-three (33) acres more or less; being part of the same tract of land conveyed by F. Stewton Allbright to C. A. Johnson and others, by deed dated Oct. 4, 1859, recorded in McKean county, Deed Book Vol. 21, page 531, &c., and a part of same piece conveyed by Peter Safstrom and wife and C. A. Johnson and wife to Andrew Lawson by deed dated November 30th, 1885, recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. 81, page 240, &c., together with all and singular the rights, liberties and privileges to the same belonging or appertaining. To have and to hold, free and exclusive possession of said land for all purposes necessary to develop the same by drilling for and producing the said oil and gas, and taking it therefrom with the right to put up and keep thereon for the storage of oil and gas and to erect thereon any building that the party of the second part may require for the purposes of producing, storing and transporting said oil and gas, to lay pipe lines for storing and transporting oil, water, gas and steam, &c., the party of the second part to use the water for steam and other purposes and to maintain thereon pipes for storing and transporting oil, water, gas and steam, &c., the party of the second part to use the water for steam and other purposes and to maintain thereon pipes for storing and transporting said oil and gas. The estate in the land last conveyed being the same granted and conveyed unto A. M. Straight by Andrew Lawson and his wife by deed bearing dated the second day of February A. D. 1886, and recorded in the office for recording deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book No. 81, page 426, &c.

Also, of, in and to all that certain piece of land in Warrant No. 2389, sub-division No. 384, in Wetmore township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being twenty acres of the southernmost portion of the following described land, namely: Beginning at a post the centre of the sub-division No. 384; thence west thirteen and one-tenth rods to a post; thence south eighty-six rods to a post; thence east ninety-three and three-fifths rods to a post; thence north fifty-six and one-fourth rods to a post; thence east thirty-nine and one-fifth rods to a stone corner; thence north twenty-four rods to a post; thence west one hundred and twenty rods to a stone corner; and thence north five and one-tenth rods to the place of beginning. The said twenty acres hereby conveyed being a rectangular shape extending ninety-three and three-fifths rods east and west on the south line, being the same land conveyed to Collins, Lincoln and others by Andrew G. Lawson and wife by deed bearing date Dec. 2nd, 1885, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book No. 94, page 330, &c.

Also all the petroleum, oil, gas and other valuable minerals or volatile substances in or under the following described three pieces of land in Warrant No. 2389, sub-division 394, Wetmore township, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, Lot No 1, beginning at a fallen beech southwest corner of sub-division 384; thence northerly along west line of sub-division No. 384, about forty-three rods to a post, southwest corner of land now or late of Peter Safstrom; thence easterly along south line of said Safstrom land about one hundred six and nine-tenths rods to a post, southeast corner of said Safstrom lands; thence south about forty-three rods to a post in the south line of sub-division 384; and the southwest corner of land now or late of A. Lawson; thence westerly along said south line about nineteen and three-fifths rods to a place of beginning, Containing seven acres more or less.

Lot No. 2 Beginning at a post in the east line of sub-division 384, the northwest corner of land now or late of A. Lawson; thence northerly along said east line of sub division 384 about twenty-four rods to a post, the southeast corner of land now or late of Peter Safstrom; thence west along said south line of said Safstrom land about one hundred and five (105) rods to a post southwest corner of said Safstrom land in the east line of land of Martin Danielson and Joseph Danielson; thence south along the east line of said Danielson land and in extension of said line along the east line of land of A. Lawson, about twenty-four rods to a post corner and being the northwest corner of other land of A. Lawson; thence east about north line of said other land of A. Lawson about one hundred and twenty rods to the place of beginning, containing eighteen acres more or less the quantity of land contained in the said three lots being fifty-three acres more or less. The said estates by these presents granted and conveyed being the same granted and conveyed unto R. J. Straight by Andrew Lawson and wife and F. W. Wood by deed bearing date the 8th day of Feb. A. D. 1886, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book No. 83, page 1, &c., and subject to that certain provision in the said deed contained in the words following, that is to say, "And provided, if two oil wells shall be opened upon said land which shall produce one hundred barrels of oil each daily for ten consecutive days, then the party of the second part hereto shall pay or cause to be paid to the party of the first part or his legal representatives further sum of one thousand dollars."

Also, all petroleum, oil and gas or other minerals or volatile substances lying and being in or under that certain piece or parcel or lot of land situate, lying and being in sub-division No. 384 of Warrant No. 2389 of Wetmore township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, bounded and described as follows, commencing at the northwest corner of sub. 384, thence running east along the northern boundary line of said sub-division a distance of about two hundred and ten rods to a small stream running south, which said stream, said northern boundary line about twenty rods from northeast corner of said sub-division; thence from the junction of said north-ern sub-division line with the stream south along said stream a distance of about forty-two and one half perches to a point on each of the southern lines of the same thence along the last mentioned line west a distance of about 86 rods to a post; thence south forty-two and one-quarter (42¼) rods to a post; thence west one hundred and sixteen (116) rods to a post, in the western line of said sub-division; thence north along said line eighty-four and one half (84½) to the place of beginning, containing seventy-one acres more or less. Being the same piece of land conveyed by L. P. Karlson and Hanna, his wife, Charles Karlson and Anna G., his wife, and Gust Karlson and Clara, his wife, to Martin Danielson by deed dated Feb. 7, 1884, and recorded in McKean county Deed Book Vol. 22, page 98, &c., and being part of the same land conveyed by Elizabeth Warner to William D. Gallup, by deed dated April 7, 1881, recorded in McKean county Deed Book Vol. 9, page 280, &c., and by said William D. Gallup and wife to L. P. Karlson by deed dated April 13, 1881, and recorded in McKean County Deed Book Vol. 1, page 57, &c., giving and granting to the party of the second part, his heirs and assigns the full free and exclusive possession to the said piece of land for all purposes necessary to develop the said oil and gas, and taking it therefrom with the right to put up and keep thereon for the storage of oil and gas and to erect thereon any building that the party of the second part may require for the purposes of producing, storing and transporting said oil and gas, to lay pipe lines for storing and transporting oil, water, gas and steam, &c., the party of the second part to use the water for steam and other purposes and to maintain thereon pipes for storing and transporting said oil and gas. The estate in the land last conveyed being the same granted and conveyed unto A. M. Straight by Andrew Lawson and his wife by deed bearing dated the second day of February A. D. 1886, and recorded in the office for the recording of deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book Vol. 81, page 426, &c.

Also, of, in and to all that certain piece of land in Warrant No. 2389, sub-division No. 384, in Wetmore township, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, being twenty acres of the southernmost portion of the following described land, namely: Beginning at a post the centre of the sub-division No. 384; thence west thirteen and one-tenth rods to a post; thence south eighty-six rods to a post; thence east ninety-three and three-fifths rods to a post; thence north fifty-six and one-fourth rods to a post; thence east thirty-nine and one-fifth rods to a stone corner; thence north twenty four rods to a post; thence west one hundred and twenty rods to a stone corner; and thence north five and one-tenth rods to the place of beginning. The said twenty acres hereby conveyed being a rectangular shape extending ninety-three and three-fifths rods east and west on the south line, being the same land conveyed to Collins, Lincoln and others by Andrew G. Lawson and wife by deed bearing date Dec. 2nd, 1885, and recorded in the office of recording deeds, &c., in and for McKean county, Pennsylvania, in Deed Book No. 94, page 330, &c.

Also all the petroleum, oil, gas and other valuable minerals or volatile substances in or under the following described three pieces of land in Warrant No. 2389, sub-division 394, Wetmore township, McKean county and State of Pennsylvania, Lot No 1, beginning at a fallen beech southwest corner of sub-division 384; thence northerly along west line of sub-division No. 384, about forty-three rods to a post, southwest corner of land now or late of Peter Safstrom; thence easterly along south line of said Safstrom land about one hundred six and nine-tenths rods to a post, southeast corner of said Safstrom lands; thence south about forty-three rods to a post in the south line of sub-division 384; and the southwest corner of land now or late of A. Lawson; thence westerly along said south line about nineteen and three-fifths rods to a place of beginning, Containing seven acres more or less.

Lot No. 2 Beginning at a post in the east line of sub-division 384, the northeast